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MIRROR AND PIGEONS

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF FIVE OPEN LETTERS

by Branch Cabell

You, sir, have written me a wholly charming letter, the point of which, as you explain toward the end of the seventh page, is to ask about an odd alliance between white pigeons and a small mirror (three inches square, to be precise) which appears time and again in so many of my books. The envelope of your letter displays two English stamps, and it comes, I observe, from a village in Berkshire which I well remember as one of the former homes of the Branch family: though indeed very much the same letter has come to me before this morning, bearing hundreds of other postmarks.

The reader who wants to know what this or that passage "means" is rather constantly with me when I open the morning's mail. He requests omniscience and will be satisfied with nothing less, finding always in those eighteen volumes which compose the Biography of the life of Manuel an enigma or two for me to unravel by return post. He implores (for example) a more particular account of the murder of Scott Musgrave: and anagrams he desiderates of the one or the other proper name. He assumes every name I mention to be an anagram. As an unfledged bird cries out from its nest, tirelessly, even so does he inquire from his half-sheet of paper, Who was Horvendile? He demands of me, What manner of talisman, formed with what shaping, did Jurgen show to the Brown Man? He desires to know of what nature were those beings whom Dom Manuel encountered outside the Window of Ageus? He interrogates if Maya should be regarded as Mother Eve, yet alive, in at least the nineteenth century? And he asks if the famed Sigil of Scoteia were not engraved with characters (it may be, of Dirghic origin) which when read upside down still harbour significance?

About such quite negligible riddles do my correspondents concern themselves. Such questions and some scores of allied questions

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have been addressed to me off and on, now for twelve years, to my postman's wearying. Yet these questions vary somewhat, they arrive intermittently, and in a shifting volume, where one question alone does not vary, nor ever leave me unmolested for a reasonable breathing spell. I would count it a strange week which did not produce your letter, my dear sir, requesting that I explain my perpetual dealings with white pigeons and a small mirror.

To speak frankly, this is a matter which I have never made clear to anyone before today. This has been, until today, the secret which for me has unified the perpetuated life of Manuel in its innumerable manifestations; the secret which lay glowing at the inmost heart of my many books unseen by any beholder (I believe) save only me; the secret from which I drew a smug sense of superiority so long as I alone, to all seeming, still knew of its simplicity, its strength, its truth, and its splendour. I have preferred, in consequence (and, no doubt, selfishly) to keep this little matter of the mirror and the pigeons a secret known only to me.

But yours is an irresistible letter, in that you extol my literary achievements at appropriate length (in a wholly legible handwriting, too), and express your wonder that my books are not appreciated more widely by the literati of England. With such bait you may entrap the gratitude of any author known to me, so potent is the insatiable vanity of our fretting tribe, and to such bait I respond, smirking and garrulous. Yet before answering your question I really must pause to remark that, for an American, I have been treated with fair indulgence, I believe, by the reviewers indigenous to your island. I have fared a deal better than do most of my nation under their hortatory attention, and I have amassed indeed, during the last twelve years, a full half-dozen quite civil press-cuttings to attest this fact.

Of all these, let me observe, the most frequently read by me remains a longish review which begins, "Although Mr. Cabell is an American writer, his books are not books to be despised". Thereafter every comment is favourable, and in a British fashion almost enthusiastic, but the rest of the notice is not to my immediate purpose. I delight only in the initial sentence, which embodies so perfectly the Englishman's attempt, in all circumstances, howsoever provocative, to be affable to an American.

To return now to that matter of the mirror and the pigeons, the postmark of your letter recalls to me very pleasantly those weeks which I once devoted, within six miles of your present home, to persuading the sexton of St. Helen's Church at Abingdon to unlock a corner cupboard. This cupboard contained parish records relative to the Branch family, of which I was then compiling a history; and these records were admittedly open to the public. But for an American gentleman, sir, to be wishful to see them, I gathered from their polite, fluttered, but firm custodian, raised points not satisfyingly covered by canonical precedent. Nor did the offering and the glib reception of a tip get us beyond the general statement that never in his time at least, sir, had any American gentleman—! I could infer at best from the sexton's slightly softened manner that just possibly, at some remote period, well prior to the Norman Conquest, one other inexplicable American had preceded me in barbaric presumptuousness. In any case, it developed, I could write to the vicar.

I erred. I admit that I erred. I offered to walk over to the vicar's near-by home and to

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explain to him my simple need to have a cupboard door unlocked. For one chilling instant it was quite as though I had offered to set fire to the church. Then I was pitied. I was even humoured. The fact was again made clear to me, in the tones of one addressing a fractious and unusually dull-witted child, that I could write to the vicar.

It was my allotted part to cross no churchyard, babbling irresponsibly of high matters. It was my part, instead, through the more august channels of formal correspondence (after duly confessing my real name, and profession, and home address), to break the news to the vicar of St. Helen's Church, as tactfully as could be managed, that I wished to lay American eyes on the parish register dating from 1538 and the churchwardens' accounts beginning with the year 1555. The dates were essential. After his to-be-hoped-for rally, the vicar of St. Helen's, I gleaned (in the while that I reminded myself this was Abingdon, and not Titipu), would in proper form consult with himself, in his superior capacity as rector of St. Nicholas's church, about this (it was not hidden from me) distressing state of affairs. It was conceivable, if not likely, at least conceivable, that as vicar Dr. Maitland might request, and as rector accord, a benison on my prying curiosity. Then if the bishop approved, sir (out of, I gathered, a bishop's wide experience of human depravity, especially as it flourished in America), the matter might, it was just possible, be condoned.

I am afraid, though, that as a rector Herbert T. Maitland, D. D., was more cautious in judgment than as a vicar he was eloquent in pleading my case, or perhaps the Bishop of Oxford had to refer the imbroglio to the Archbishop of Canterbury, inasmuch as a fortnight passed by before the sexton of St. Helen's had all the needed permits which would enable him to take the key out of his pocket and to unlock the corner cupboard in the vestry room. He sat by me then while I consulted the parish records; and I had the feeling, during my meek transcription of my remote relatives' births and marriages and deaths, that he was fully armed, with at least two pistols, and ready for any possible nonsense on my part.

In these fond reflections, sir (begotten inevitably by your postmark), I may seem to have wandered some little way from the secret of the mirror and the pigeons. But the case is otherwise: and to that theme I approach steadily. It is in a connection with this very theme that my thoughts now turn to yet further conflicts with British custom in that faraway time when I was getting together the material for my small book about the Branch family.

I think, for example, of my forlorn endeavours, while on this same quest, to procure a reader's ticket at the British Museum. I think of all those partially or resplendently bald-headed, those precise, and those pince-nez'd Under Librarians (each one of them remarkably like a brand-new and glossy wax figure, but, if anything, rather more animated than a wax figure) who made the fact plain that an unidentified American might quite as rationally have asked for the Elgin Marbles or the Portland Vase. I think of how repeatedly I was allowed to state, in writing, my name, profession, address, and purpose, and questioned as to the range of my acquaintanceship among householders in London. It is not possible, I then learned, to convince an Englishman that anybody exists who does not know a great many persons in London; the British mind simply does not grasp the idea. And I think of the

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final reluctant compromise (reached, I have no doubt, at a special meeting of the Board of Directors, after a consultation with Scotland Yard) that my strange desire might, just conceivably, be considered with more or less seriousness after it had been officially endorsed by the American Ambassador.

I think too of how at the Embassy I encountered a marked reluctance (with which, at bottom, I sympathized) to make an international affair out of my reader's ticket. Passports were not obligatory in those days; and I had none: and nobody had ever heard of me at the Embassy, nor could the testimony of either *Who's Who* or of *Who's Who in America* be regarded as acceptable evidence of my actual existence. All the attachés were quite frank about that. Nor did I find that the interest of any attaché in historical research work was morbid. And when I eventually got my reader's ticket (which in the irrational outcome did come to pass) it was only through pure accident, in accord with no rule made and provided by the American Embassy or the British Museum.

I think also, I think with squirms and blushes, of how in Somerset House I paid properly enough my shilling to see the sixteenth-century will of one of my forebears in which I was interested; and of how, when this will was laid before me, I took out a pencil so that I might make an abstract. I do not recall, at this late date, just how many clerks and head clerks and sub-clerks, guards, office boys, policemen, stenographers, and porters, sprang into action, uproarious at the sight of that two-inch pencil. I am merely sure that in my country we lynch with less noisiness, and that had I produced a dynamite bomb no more officials could have leapt about me with such markedly un-British volubility. In fact, I have never since then been able to believe that an Englishman is really phlegmatic. I learned at all events that at the Probate Registry in Somerset House one paid to look at this or the other will, hiring but a visual indulgence; and that to attempt a copy of any public record deposited there, was a crime punishable with hanging, castration, disembowelment, and quartering of the offender's body, under a statute enacted, I believe, by either Hengist or Horsa.

In the upshot, however, I was allowed to state, in writing, my name, profession, address, and purpose, and (after some little cross-examination relative to the householders of London) to procure official copies of all the wills I required, at eight pence the folio page. I received also (to my final and complete confusion) something like an apology. It developed that I had been in the right all along. I was right, not because the public records in the Probate Registry were preserved there for the benefit of the public, but because the will at which I was looking when I took out my pencil was dated prior to 1700. The remote dating of this will alone, it developed, had saved my life, and viscera, and other appurtenances.

You must bear with me. I am not really straying from my theme when I hark back to these trivial-seeming misadventures of a foreigner at loose ends in a land whose customs and faiths are strange to him. I believe, you see, that, as some profound philosopher or another has stated, "life is like that". I find that every man lives, and eventually dies, among an infinity of unexplained restraints and unexplained formulas. I, for example, I still do not understand why the sexton of St. Helen's could not unlock his cupboard without waiting to involve two parishes and one see (and, for all I know, an archbishop) of the Church of England. It is a mystery which still preys on my mind now and then when I lie awake at night. I

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do not understand why my reader's ticket could not be granted, to a self-evidently harmless person, as an aid to consulting the books in the British Museum Library, rather than as a reward for knowing a well-to-do woman who lived in Berkeley Square. Nor do I understand how any one being, far less a mob, can be incited to madness by the sight of a pencil, and then pacified by a mention of 1700. I know only that there was a reason, not ever revealed to me, for each of these British mysteries. So I shrug and pass on.

Well, and in just this way lives the protagonist of each of my books. Each lives, during his travels in lands unfamiliar to him (precisely as you and I live, my dear sir, throughout the jogtrot of our daily vocation), in a welter of unexplained matters, of half-glimpsed human concernments with which he himself is not concerned, in so far as he knows, and of ever-present uncomprehended forces and affairs and plans, of which he divines the existence without fathoming their nature. I can but tell the reader what this protagonist heard or saw, or in other wise perceived and endured. Manuel no more understood Suskind than did I my sexton; how Kennaston came by the Sigil of Scoteia remained to Kennaston always as much an irrationality as to me remains the provenance of my reader's ticket at the British Museum; and to Jurgen the behaviour of the Brown Man after seeing a talisman appeared quite as unaccountable as I found the behaviour of the employees of Somerset House when I showed them a pencil.

It is so with the secret of the mirror and the pigeons. Since no one of my protagonists entirely fathomed this secret, there was no need, and I lacked any plausible occasion, to explain this matter to the reader. I can see no hurt, though, nowadays, in my making clear to you, in a less formal fashion, and upon but one condition, this by-end of old magic.

What man discovered it, or what being first revealed it to man, I do not know. Like most true magic, as distinguished from hocus-pocus, it is older than any recorded history, it is older than what we described as "science". Nor is it at any real enmity with science, no matter how whole-heartedly the latest phases of immortal science may appear to assail it.

I mean of course that present-day science which, being of a practical turn, dismisses magic as an illusion and restricts itself to more sturdy novelties, such as airplanes and bacteria and evolution. I mean that science which accepts the aviation of Colonel Lindbergh, but denies the aviation of Simon Magus. I mean that wholly long-headed and matter-of-fact science which scoffs at any rumoured manifestations of "the occult" in the same moment that it pronounces such an everyday affair as a cold in the head to be caused by unknown agents; and which gets, somehow, out of its conviction that millions of monkeys were transformed into men, a proof that no one learned lady could be transformed into a cat. I mean, in brief, a remarkably transitory concatenation of faiths and teachings, all of which are just now in excellent standing, and the most of which will by-and-by consort with the science of Sir John Mandeville, the science of Albertus Magnus, the science of the Elder Pliny, the science of Aristotle, and the science of Moses. For, let it be repeated, science is immortal, and like most other immortals, science is much given to metamorphoses.

The secret of the mirror and the pigeons is based upon certain facts, upon three facts, before naming which I must pause to admit

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that the facts of magic are, to be sure, not the same as the facts of science. For magic remains virtually stable, in a world wherein (as you have no doubt observed, my dear sir) the known truths of science vary perpetually. And to say that, is, of course, not to disparage science. Few blessings can long remain unaltered. Thus women vary perpetually, and so keep the world handsomely provided with gossip and milliners and lyric poetry. The weather varies from hour to hour; and if it failed to vary, we would all starve. Did a thermometer not vary, of what earthly good would it be? Well, and just so may the facts of science also vary, just as beneficently, with their own field of diurnal usefulness.

For, to return now to the mystery of the mirror and the pigeons, man, as I and a great many other people have pointed out, fares among ever-present mysteries. These necessarily perturb him. But science rationalizes all, and science explains everything, so that no educated person need any longer live in apprehension of the unknown. Science has thus soothed us. It has brought to us, at different times, the glad news that vaccination warded off smallpox, and that to wear an amethyst prevented drunkenness; that each man was a modified monkey, and that premature child birth was incited by the mother's stepping upon, or perhaps over, a fern leaf; the aurora borealis was due to positively charged corpuscles of helium, and that Earth was a large disk with a river running around its edges. It has found out the texture of the rainbow, the origin of the moon, the ninety-nine secret names of God, and the uses of gasoline. It has proved to us that an elephant has no joints, and that mosquitoes transmit yellow fever, and that suture of the alar bone is peculiar to Japanese crania, and that to eat the brains of a camel will cure epilepsy. It has plugged our teeth to prevent decay, and then pulled them out to prevent focal infection. It has discovered vitamins, dissected the genitals of the male grasshopper, and revealed the ways of the basilisk.

To know, beyond any question, the true facts about these matters has been an unfailing comfort to mankind, in that the world and his wife no longer lived among ever-present mysteries. Science has made all clear, since the days of Nimrod. It has afforded to mankind that succour, that consolation, and that perennial inspiriting, which but too many unreflective people consider to be equally the fruitage of religion.

I am afraid, as a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church, that religion has never been quite so potent as science has always been to serve every cultured person who lives as yet, under a death sentence, as a tranquillizing narcotic. Religion can offer but a removed prospect, a hope, of escaping from the unexplained restrictions and the ever-present perils of our transient life upon earth, by-and-by, into more luxurious and more stable surroundings. But science goes straight to the root of our trouble: it removes, or it at worst ameliorates, all menaces forthwith by explaining them. It explains the restrictions, it explains the perils, it explains everything, in decisive terms, and it so rids man of his chief terror, his dread of the unknown.

I need hardly point out that the truthfulness of these explanations is an irrelevant matter. The Phœnician ship-captain sailed intrepidly about an Earth which he knew to be a large disk with an uncrossable river forever circling its edges, so that he could not possibly fall off: his ocean stream was an affair accounted for, set down plainly on an up-to-date, scientific map, with no im-

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probable nonsense about it, nor any least element of the surprising. He knew just as well and just as firmly what a prosaic business engaged his working hours as may the captain of any modern ocean liner. The latter believes, to be sure, that, safely held on by the force of gravity, he steams about the exterior of an oblate spheroid, having a diameter of 7918 miles and a mean daily motion of slightly over 3548 miles, but the difference here is a mere matter of opinion. The point is that both skippers should be assured as to their whereabouts and as to exactly what they are doing, and in both instances their needs have been attended to by contemporaneous science.

No, it is the main function of science, as it is of religion, to create faith. And science possesses the large advantage that, where religion has to be explicit in its revealings, science need not tender us any such direct information in order to work its thaumaturgy. When no great while ago, for example, Herr Doktor Alfred Einstein explained the entire cosmos, and we heard there were but a dozen living persons who could understand his explanation, we all felt none the less the vast consolation of science. It was most reassuring to know at least that the cosmos had been found out and detected in all its doings, so that under the cold vigilance of twenty-six stern scientific eyes the cosmos would have to be more careful for the future. We all felt, I am sure, that the cosmos at any rate had been disposed of, and the weight of it was off our minds.

So does science continue to rid us of the unknown, in its old beneficent fashion, just as when that first great scientist, Moses, accounted rather more plainly for the cosmos, as a six-day job with all the necessary imperfections of such hurried work. So has science always begotten faith and understanding, with some slight assistance from human logic. It is for this reason, above all other reasons, that no one of us ought ungratefully to disparage science, and that I have been at pains to disavow any such intention before I answer at length the question you have asked about the mirror and the pigeons.

Yet in return for communicating this secret I shall ask, I repeat, in this regrettably self-seeking world, one little favour. You live within a half-hour's jaunt of Abingdon. It should not deeply inconvenience you, who know the lay of pleasant Berkshire, to find out what rules do actually apply to the opening of that cupboard (to the south side of the building, on the same side as Holy Cross aisle, and facing a picture of Christ bearing His Cross) in the snug vestry room of St. Helen's Church? to what sesame move the hinges of that cupboard? and with what rites, what exsufflations, or what cantrips (apart, of course, from crude tips) should I have approached that cupboard's sanctity and sexton in due form?

It does not appear plausible that in no circumstances could a cupboard door be unclosed within less than a fortnight, and then only after a clergyman had weighed gravely his own recommendations to himself concerning that cupboard, with his Grace the Lord Bishop of Oxford serving as the final referee in all matters pertaining to that cupboard. I feel that, Aladdin-like, I evoked strange British djinns, unknowing. I feel, I still feel, perturbed about it.

In brief, nor science nor religion nor magic may quite explain the ways of you English to an American; and this matter has long puzzled me, now for some twenty years. So do you solve, if it be permitted, this secret for me, and by return post I will forward you the secret of the mirror and the pigeons.

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SOME MODERN LIGHT-BRINGERS

AS THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXTINGUISHED BY THOMAS CARLYLE

by Hugh Kingsmill

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

SHARPEST-EYED of spinsters I would call Shaw, with tongue to match. What of confusion or omission is by spinster eye perceivable in the right ordering of things, this will Shaw perceive and proclaim, in shrillest tones, very melodious to spinster ears, tho to mine not absolutely pleasant-sounding, I must confess. This world is no parlour to be dusted and put to rights by thee, George Shaw, nor by what other spinster soever, be she never so sharp of eye! Rather indeed quite the contrary, as I judge.

For nostrum, or cure-all, Shaw would have cheque, or like monetary scrip, weekly presented at each man or woman's house of all mankind; ice-grot of blubber-gorging Eskimo and mud-hut of Bush pigmy not excepted! A right spinsterish nostrum, or cure-all, this; properly conceivable indeed only by a spinster—of the family-solicitor-independent-means species, I would say. Poor, blind, staggering, almost despairful humanity, where in highest Heaven or lowest deeps of Hell shalt thou spy out *thy* family solicitor?

A brisk, easy personage, this Shaw; notably courteous in speech, too; and of some charm with that Irish twang or brogue of his, the worth of which for conciliatory purposes he is no wise blind to, if I guess aright! No deep vice in the man, as I reckon, nor alas! virtue either of any very serviceable order in these bad days. Intrinsically a brittle creature, of whom enough perhaps has now on all sides been spoken—or too much!

H. G. WELLS

A neat, compact, rounded little man, Wells, very pleasant in light talk with that twinkling eye; only alas! not easily accessible for deeper soundings. I fancy a kind of fear of such soundings, as if what of interior depth were once there within him had in the interim most miserably been filled in with all manner of materialities, and worldly inanities, and such like choking rubbish: which filling-in he perhaps sadly guesses at, but will by no means enquire into, nor let others enquire into either! I could have wished him an absolutely other destiny than what has actually befallen him. A grim, haggard, hardly bearable destiny had been fitter for him, such as was appointed to the prophets of old. That, too, had been gladder for him in the end, had he but known!

In those first writings of his, sadly intermixed with Jules-Verne trivialities, not absolutely despicable perhaps, was matter of a quite other and to me absolutely more relishable order, *viz.*: authentic portraiture, very bright and tender, of small souls heroically struggling *not* to be small souls, and so already in the way to be nearly *big* souls. I had much hope of Wells from those Kippses and Pollys and Lewishams of his. The little men were very dear to me, down there in their paltry stunted environments; hatefully girt

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about by most cruel circumstance as by impenetrable bramble thickets; yet manful still; and right valiantly pressing forward, bleed their hands never so. Something of heroic challenge even I could make out in their reedy tones; as of Lilliput homunculi squeaking valiantest defiance by no means to one singular solitary Gulliver, but to a whole army of Gullivers much rather! "Avaunt, all ye man-mountains and overgrown worthless Idols; Dukes, Manufacturers, Bishops, and what others skulk behind you! Right terrible to us your outward seeming truly; but what if your so horrific outward seeming be no ways conformable with your inward intrinsic force, but rather perhaps quite the reverse! That also is possible, and shall by us now forthwith be tried and to the uttermost tested, if we die for it!" Bravo, homunculi!

But alas! *not* "Bravo, homunculus-spokesman!" Homunculus-spokesman circulates freely these days among man-mountains, is actually himself almost swelled into a man-mountain! Finds he has considerably misjudged man-mountain species; money-men of that species more particularly; which money-men, he now wonderingly perceives, have got themselves to their present bigness that so they may be the more readily and amply serviceable to others, and would, for any private relish or solacement said bigness procures them, be most gladly quit of it! An evasion of their manifest duty which homunculus-spokesman begs them by no means to consider, but rather swell themselves, how painfully soever, to a yet more serviceable bigness. "See, here!" homunculus-spokesman cries, wagging foolishest Clissold prospectus-pamphlets, "See, here, money-men! United God-and-Mammon World-Betterment Concern! See, here! See, here!" Money-men smile; pocket prospectus-pamphlets; will con at leisure, and are extremely obliged. No death-and-doom foreboding prophet, this, they snugly muse! Adieu, poor Wells!

MARCEL PROUST

A wretched, diseased, little quack, Proust, who proclaims it salutary for internal complications that men should crawl through their own entrails with a microscope. I encountered him once, in a Paris house reckoned select for its soirées; a hollow, sick-eyed, dapper mannikin, to my view, for whom my presence in that company was a perhaps not absolutely propitious factor in the evening's enjoyment, as he had planned it. Accident momentarily juxtaposing us, there ensued an exchange of civilities: copious enough on his side; rather sparse on mine. I fancy he was considerably glad to slip from me, which he managed not undeftly; sudden recognition of friend for pretext. Said friend, a vacant, beautiful young man—Marquis or suchlike titled personage, I suppose—hardly perceivably inclined to Mannikin Proust's full bow from corsetted waist; which may have helped Mannikin Proust to fresh internal complications, I remember thinking.

D. H. LAWRENCE

Poor ghastly Lawrence! A sadder sicklier Guy Fawkes simulacrum of prophet and light-bringer I have not looked upon; fit only to be tossed above a rubbish heap of dead branches and like combustible matter, and there utterly consumed, with all his Bedlam rout of worshippers, male and female—female preponderating, I opine!

I had speech with him once, and plainly perceived him to be not long for this world, at which I rejoiced, for his sake largely. A haggard twitching little man; pinched face much overlaid with hair of the reddish sort; eyes not unbeautiful, hazel-coloured as I re-

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member; a kind of wounded bewilderment in them—rather pitiful, I thought. His manner with me was sweetish-sickly; considerably womanish in its evident aim to please; but with no goodwill behind it, to me or any other son of Adam! An evident cover for bottomless spites and rages (of the weak kind) I judged that manner of his to be.

This Lawrence is to me not properly a man at all, but much rather a disease of these maddest times. Good, were the disease more swiftly mortal to them who take it! Poor Lawrence! Poor Colney-hatched Christ!

LYTTON STRACHEY

Our Wart-School of Modern Portraiture I name Biographer Strachey and his apes, blasphemously scribbling for pence their *Acta Stultorum*, or Deeds of the Fools. As tho there were no other veracity about a Hero but his warts! As tho brave Oliver's monition to Court Painter Lely had been: "Meddle not with my face! Paint my warts only!"

Terrible, almost despairful to me in its inward signification for these babbling godless times, is the thought of those other *Acta*, called *Acta Sanctorum*, or Deeds of the Saints, which the old monk penned up there in Iona, a thousand years and more gone now, in that age named Dark by us (Dark! Oh Heaven! By what impenetrablest pall of blackest Erebus are *we* encompassed then?) I scarcely know a beautifuller object than that old monk, seated there in his grim wind-and-water pounded islet, a nimbus of saint faces—to his poor dim sight quite wartless!—smiling down upon him, as most painfully with squeaking goose-quill he traces out his pious chronicles. Modern enlightened eyes blink rather rapidly at that monk, I conjecture, and modern enlightened minds reflect—how very chilly that good foolish man must certainly have been! For my part I fancy a quite other interior warmth in that monk than what our modern heating contrivances procure a man! I think he could very well dispense with our modern heating contrivances, could that monk, upon whose upturned face an unspeakable radiancy of Heaven's light shone down between the black tempest-riven clouds, to whose ears the roaring winds and waters were the very voice of God—made audible for him!

Look a little upon that picture, steam-heated Biographer Strachey and you others of the Wart-School generally! Bethink you if it were not wisely done to unwrite your Gospels according to Judas Iscariot; if it were not really the prudentest act you could perform to fling back your thirty or thirty thousand pieces of silver on account of royalties—ere it be too late!

JAMES JOYCE

"Jakes" Joyce I call him, and wish him what he most prizes—an easy passage. But out of my sight!

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A YOUNG POET FROM SOUTH AFRICA

by Arthur Colton

I was standing before the library shelves, looking for Thomas Campbell among his kindred C's. *Lord Ullin's Daughter,* I had been thinking, is not wholly skilful in point of versification. It is the bare bones of a situation; it would be just as true if told in gang-dialect prose of a banker's daughter eloping with a bootlegger—a Highland chief was once as authentic as a racketeer. But the values are in the structure and selection of the thing, the tenseness of the packed tragedy. You can tell a story with finish and completeness in verse with fewer words than in prose, the looser brevity of which would make it an anecdote or an epitome.

The project of an essay on this promising theme was cut short by an accident of alphabet. The faded volumes of Thomas were preceded by a little blood-red book entitled *Adamastor, Poems,* by a more modern Campbell, hitherto unknown to me. Thomas Campbell was thought stirring enough in his day, but he had been dead these ninety years, and Highland chiefs were somewhat theoretical even to him. Ballads were a Victorian enthusiasm. We are all for contemporaries. Their voices sound differently in our ears than those which call across the misty distance. Moreover, in the first stanza of *Adamastor's Dedication* was the line, "A poet of his own disdain is born"; a provocative assertion. Moreover, the next poem after the *Dedication* was shorter than *Lord Ullin's Daughter* and even more compact, solid as the kick of a competent mule—to whom intention, action, and result are three in one and inseparable—the Twentieth Century speaking, and as follows:

> This is the wisdom of the Ape
> Who yelps beneath the moon—
> 'Tis God who made me in His shape,
> He is a Great Baboon.
> 'Tis he who tilts the moon askew
> And fans the forest trees,
> The heavens which are broad and blue
> Provide him his trapeze,
> He swings with tail divinely bent
> Around those azure bars
> And munches to his Soul's content
> The kernels of the stars;
> And when I die, His loving care
> Will raise me from the sod
> To learn the perfect Mischief there,
> The Nimbleness of God.

When a man writes with this kind of muscular grip and accurate delivery, the critic's first reaction is to sit up and rejoice. Presently he will be thinking of Caliban on Setebos and the psychology of the Banderlog, for analogies are his meat and drink; then of that good English tradition in satire, which has ever been more of a smack in the face than a dagger in the abdomen, a direct upper-cut rather than an underhand homicide; finally, his mind will wander away in loosely connected reflections: The god of a simian would be a simian of course. It is the only kind that would be of any use to his feelings. Even a supersimian—if by reason of satire and other aids he divests himself of

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everything anthropomorphic and addresses his feelings to a wholly depersonalized universe, consisting of energy or "a something that moves"—even a supersimian finds those feelings divested of their old anchorage and sustenance. It may be well enough for an arid critic, but what can a poet do with it, who is by nature something of a psalmist? To one function of the spirit the door would seem to be closed when the last myth has taken its faint farewell. The Baboon is a natural pragmatist. So are we all at bottom. We believe in the idea that works, that is, in the one that works powerfully upon us. If faith is the substance of things hoped for, it follows that it is something somehow substantial. The value that there is in the mere vividness of a conception is a substantial value. New fields of ideas must be assimilated, in some sense humanized, before there flows into them the imaginative substance which is power.

Roy Campbell, in *Who's Who's* brief epitome, was born in Natal in 1902; enlisted at fifteen in the South African Infantry, but presently was sent back to school; was at Oxford for some months, and afterward in various jobs by land and sea; married in London in 1922; edited a review in South Africa, and got into trouble with the authorities; has been of late part owner at Martignies of a fleet of Mediterranean fishing boats. The date of his collection of verse called *Adamastor* is 1930; of *The Flaming Terrapin* 1924. An intermediary volume of satires is called *The Wayz-goose.*

The Flaming Terrapin is a South African answer to the question, What can a poet, who was born with the century, do with his post-War feelings toward a universe which consists of power, toward a deity who is simply a force? *The Flaming Terrapin* is a choral anthem to this force. So far as personified, it is personified as a cosmic Terrapin—perhaps because it is a boxed-in power, more likely because of some South African myth, or that myth, more ancient and Asiatic, of the world resting on an elephant who stands on a turtle. The turtle was a First Cause. The Terrapin is the universe as power—power, power everywhere, in hiving bees, in blazing suns, in

> This sudden strength that catches up men's souls
> And rears them up like giants in the sky.

Whoever wrote the Book of Job seems to have felt in conclusion that the only characteristics of Jehovah which he could be sure of were power and inscrutability. The young Elihu endeavoured to convince the sufferer that, since he was afflicted, he must be wicked, for the Almighty is excellent not only in power and in judgement, but also in justice, and "without justice will not afflict". But the Lord out of the whirlwind called this a darkened council and words without knowledge. His description of Himself is all in terms of His strength and man's inability to comprehend it. "It" and "Him" are substantially identical, and conceived of as "Him". Still, to the Hebrew poet as to the South African, the essential of things was a force, and he reached out in all directions for symbols and samples of its immensity and variety—the thunderous neck of the war horse; the iron bones of behemoth, the fury of leviathan "who maketh the sea to boil like a pot"; "Canst thou shut up the sea with doors, or loose the bands of Orion?" *The Flaming Terrapin* is the same fierce effort to bring closer the sense of this immeasurable energy:

> His was the crest that from the angry sky
> Tore down the hail: he made the boulders fly
> Like balls of paper, splintered icebergs, hurled
> Lassoes of dismal smoke around the world,
> And like a bunch of crisp and crackling straws

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Coughed the sharp lightning from his craggy jaws

while

Perched on the stars around him in the air,
White angels rinsed the moonlight from their hair.

Value for value a terrapin is not as efficient as a personification in the likeness of humanity. Whatever values there may have been in the old animal gods, they have grown obscure with time and change. The Olympians were better stimulants than the hawk-gods and bull-gods for a poet, and it seems as if they ought to have been for a worshipper. In fact Roy Campbell's interest in his Terrapin is subsidiary. It is only one of many descriptive symbols of the inexpressible. He is a "bard of torrential imagination". *The Flaming Terrapin,* like Keats's *Endymion,* is structually nothing. Its magnificent robes are draped over a shapeless figure. It is splendid but something of a mess. Its thunder and flash are too incessant. The only real unity of effect which he achieves is the effect he is really after, namely, a roused sense of the universe as power.

We lie in graves and dungeons and our chains
Are naught but our own sluggard nerves and veins!

That is what any poet might say. Every flash of insight or imagination breaks one of these dead chains. Most of these flashes are cross currents between the two factors of that dualism which has so many aspects and relations. "A boy's will is the wind's will", is a line with a liberating flash in it. Roy Campbell would probably have written "The wind's will is a boy's will", and the flash would have been there also. The shift would point to one of the many shifts or reversals from nineteenth- to twentieth-century poetry. In place of similes which expand the small and romanticize the familiar, it contracts the vast and humanizes the impersonal. Instead of hitching your wagon to a star which is a sublimation of the wagon, it would hitch a star to your wagon which implies pulling down the star. In either case an electric current jumps from one to the other and the sluggard nerves are waked. That inspiring "disdain" is asserted to be for things that are false (*To a Pet Cobra*):

I too can hiss the hair of men erect
Because my lips are venomous with truth.

But it is more properly for things that are anaemic, and its correlative enthusiasm is for power and vitality (*Satirical Fragments: On Some South African Novelists*):

You praise the firm restraint with which they write—
I'm with you there, of course:
They use the snaffle and the curb all right,
But where's the bloody horse?

Alexander Pope himself might have noted with respect a disdain of contemporaries so vigorous and so true to the tradition of English satire as *Georgian Spring*:

The publishers put on their best apparel
To sell the public anything it wants—
A thousand meek soprano voices carol
The loves of homosexuals and plants. . . .
We know, we know, that "silver is the Moon,"
That "skies are blue" was always our belief:
That "grass is green" there can be no denying,
That titled whores in love can be forgot—
All who have heard poor Georgiana sighing
Would think it more surprising were they not. . . .
The English muse her annual theme rehearses
To tell us birds are singing in the sky.
Only the poet slams the door and curses,
And all the little sparrows wonder why!

Edmund Gosse was a Georgian for the later years of his long and valuable life, and, so far as his verse goes, was no doubt a sparrow of no very great size. He had something

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the same feeling about his own age and species:

> In these restrained and careful times
> Our knowledge petrifies our rhymes;
> Ah! for that reckless fire men had
> When it was witty to be mad,
> When wild conceits were piled in scores
> And lit by flaming metaphors.

He was thinking of the days of Elizabeth and James, which were not restrained and careful, but occupied by fiery and reckless generations who piled up wild conceits and lit them with hot metaphors. Their world had split open into unprecedented vistas. They strained after terms to cover and clothe the mass of new material. They had overmuch to express that had never been expressed. Impressions poured in on them faster than they could be assimilated. The Elizabethan style is stretched, contorted, excited; eighteenth-century style has the calm of contracted range and diminished aspiration.

But the twentieth-century style is not a restrained and careful style either. Knowledge petrifies it in some sense, but not in Gosse's sense. Rather we are swamped by the unassimilated, and far from calm. *The Flaming Terrapin* has Elizabethan symptoms. It struggles with its material, and blazes with metaphors. It is reckless, violent, congested. It has the Elizabethan trick abhorred by the classicists, which might be called the juxtaposition of the incongruous, or the jolt of contrast. You put up something of solemnity and then jolt it with something odd or familiar. Your metaphors flash to and fro between opposite poles. Out of their alienation you get resonant explosions:

> Maternal earth stirs redly from beneath
> Her blue sea-blanket and her quilt of sky.
> * * *
> Her vast barbaric haunches, furred with trees.
> * * *
> Bellerophon, the primal cowboy, first
> Heard the wild summons on the stillness burst,
> As, from the dusty mesà leaping free,
> He slewed his white-winged broncho out to sea.
> * * *
> [Samson] rose to action, slew the grumbling bear,
> Hauled forth the flustered lion from its lair
> And swung him yelping skyward by the tail:
> Tigers he mauled, with tooth and ripping nail
> Rending their straps of fire.
> * * *
> The cold and plaintive jackals of the wind
> Whine on the great waste levels of the sea.
> * * *
> Even the moon withheld her gold,
> The teller, Night, through cloudy bars,
> Into his sack with fingers cold
> Counted his scanty change of stars.
> * * *
> The watery kingdom whose ambitious head
> Spits in the face of heaven.

The last happens to be from Shakespeare, but it might have been from *The Flaming Terrapin*. "It may be", says the classicist, "all very vivid, but it is not civilized. In fact it is revolting," he says, using the same word aesthetically that elderly ladies now apply socially to the twentieth-century novel. The commentary of Voltaire on Shakespeare is full of the gospel of propriety and the outrages committed by an imagination not *comme il faut*. Talk of prudishness! The French classical and English eighteenth-century tradition was more prudish about language than the Victorians about morals. Voltaire knew nothing of the other Elizabethans and their horrors, or of the crabbed perversities of John Donne, but he believed that all poetry between the fall of Rome and Louis the Fourteenth was barbaric. Christopher Marlowe could write, "I saw Cassandra sprawling in the street" and "get by" with his hot-blooded contemporaries; but would any poet have dared, or wanted to, between 1650

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and 1900? At least such a line in a tragedy of Racine would have looked to Voltaire like a smear on the face of a marquise or a Madonna.

The poetry of the twentieth century is driven by a number of cross currents. The characteristics of any new literary era have more tradition underneath than the era is aware of, but on top its visible peculiarities are more or less reversals of the era immediately preceding, of whose forms long use has worn out the inhabiting passion. Revolution is always a confused process. The essentials and non-essentials get inextricably mixed. The essential is a new vitality. The search for it is full of repulsions for all sorts and sundries associated with the late anaemia, especially for its gospel of propriety, if it has one. "It may almost be said", John Synge somewhere remarked, "that before verse can be human again it must learn to be brutal." To the eras of refinement and restraint this vitality looks like a hirsute Goth to decadent Athens, and the Goth's opinion of the little Greekling was best expressed by kicking him. *Georgian Spring* is a similar kick, competently delivered.

The Story of an African Farm appeared some forty years ago. It was not a "well-constructed" novel, but it was an extraordinary book, tense with a tensity that recalled the Brontës. The heroine, Lyndall, was a stern soul in a slight body, inherently tragic like Emily Brontë. Roy Campbell is the first figure of distinction in South African letters since Olive Schreiner; and on his work too is the stamp of the veldt and the same tension of revolt; the same parallelism of grim fact and the soul's frustrate pilgrimage, the same brutality cheek by jowl with vision, the same emphasis on the discordance between them. The first literature of distinction in America tended to celebrate a harmony rather than a discord. It was pleasant with New England summers, cool with New England snows. It was serene where the early South African is stormy and unreconciled. Another environment; still more another age. Both are more dated than placed. We have been writing our comments on the idealities of our forbears with a free hand. The ideality that "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world", implies that the two are on excellent, not to say intimate, terms. "Bunk!" says the young century, or in more elderly and parliamentary language, "On the contrary! They are not even on speaking terms". "We have no time to make believe", writes the South African in a poem addressed to W. Plomer:

> So early each began
> To wear his liver on his sleeve,
> To snarl, and be an angry man. . . .
> Each with a blister on his tongue,
> Each with a crater in his tooth,
> Our nerves on fire: we have been stung
> By the tarantulas of truth.

The poisonous truth is that human life is not one but two, and there is war between its members. The reconciliation is a Pollyanna sham. The two and the aching gulf between are the substance of every religion in some form or formula. Some shadow or angle of the situation is present in the poetry of every age since the Cro-Magnon brain developed. The gulf tends to deepen. Your bridges fall into it one after the other. What Utopian Nowhere ever turned out to be anywhere? What price glory of your plumed wars? Can you keep your trousers creased in the chambers of the sea? Ennui, triviality, grey ashes over the fire that dies down slowly. "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, and yet I know, I know!" The futility of society, its sordid bases and cheap veneer, its barrel organ making dismal antiphony with the song of the morning stars. T. S. Eliot plays

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the fugue over and over with skilful variations. It is dangerous to live dangerously, it is silly not to, and so on to a whimpering death:

I grow old—I grow old—
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.
Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach? . . .
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea,
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

Disenchantment! There have been many books since the War beside C. E. Montague's on this disenchantment, but the mutters of it long antedate the War. You can hear the growl of it in Carlyle or the latter-day Mark Twain. For that matter Jonathan Swift had a crater in his tooth. So did the Ecclesiast, though his did not ache so viciously. Every mortal tooth is rooted in a nerve unless it is dead.

It is not yet certain that the truth is poisonous, though it is natural for a blistered tongue to say so. It is only certain that it is painful. The use is not any too obvious, but it may be there. Without a glory that is somewhere, you would plod along thinking as little of futility as of glory. Meanwhile your heart does not feel like God's little garden. It feels more like Tristan Da Cunha. Tristan Da Cunha is a grim rock in the bleak seas, and Roy Campbell's "I Myself" cross circuits to it as a symbol of disillusioned endurance, something like Me but in the end unlike, a power that goes on but I drop out.

My pride has sunk, like your grey fissured crags,
By its own strength o'ertoppled and betrayed:
I too have burned the wind with fiery flags
Who now am but a roost for empty words,
An island of the sea whose only trade
Is in the voyages of its wandering birds. . . .

From your grey tower what long regrets you fling
To where, along the low horizons burning,
The great swan-breasted seraphs soar and sing,
And suns go down, and trailing splendours dwindle. . . .

Turn to the night; these flames are not for you
Whose steeple for the thunder swings its bells;
Grey Memnon, to the tempest only true,
Turn to the night, turn to the shadowing foam,
And let your voice, the saddest of farewells,
With sullen curfew toll the grey wings home.

("Too many 'greys', young man," the elderly critic comments justly but coldly. "Art is craftsmanship on the heels of the wind. When you have 'long' in one line, don't have 'along' in the next.")

Exiled like you and severed from my race
By the cold ocean of my own disdain,
Do I not freeze in such a wintry space,
Do I not travel through a storm as vast
And rise at times, victorious from the main,
To fly the sunrise at my shattered mast?

Your path is but a desert where you reap
Only the bitter knowledge of your soul:
You fish with nets of seaweed in the deep
As fruitlessly as I with nets of rhyme—
Yet forth you stride, yourself the way, the goal,
The surges are your strides, your path is time. . . .

We shall not meet again; over the wave
Our ways divide, and yours is straight and endless,
But mine is short and crooked to the grave:
Yet what of those dark crowds amid whose flow
I battle like a rock, aloof and friendless,
Are not their generations, vague and endless
The waves, the strides, the feet on which I go?

Is it humanity in the end that is the Tristan Da Cunha? Or is it still "I Myself"?

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The Bookman's Christmas Portfolio of Literary Portraits

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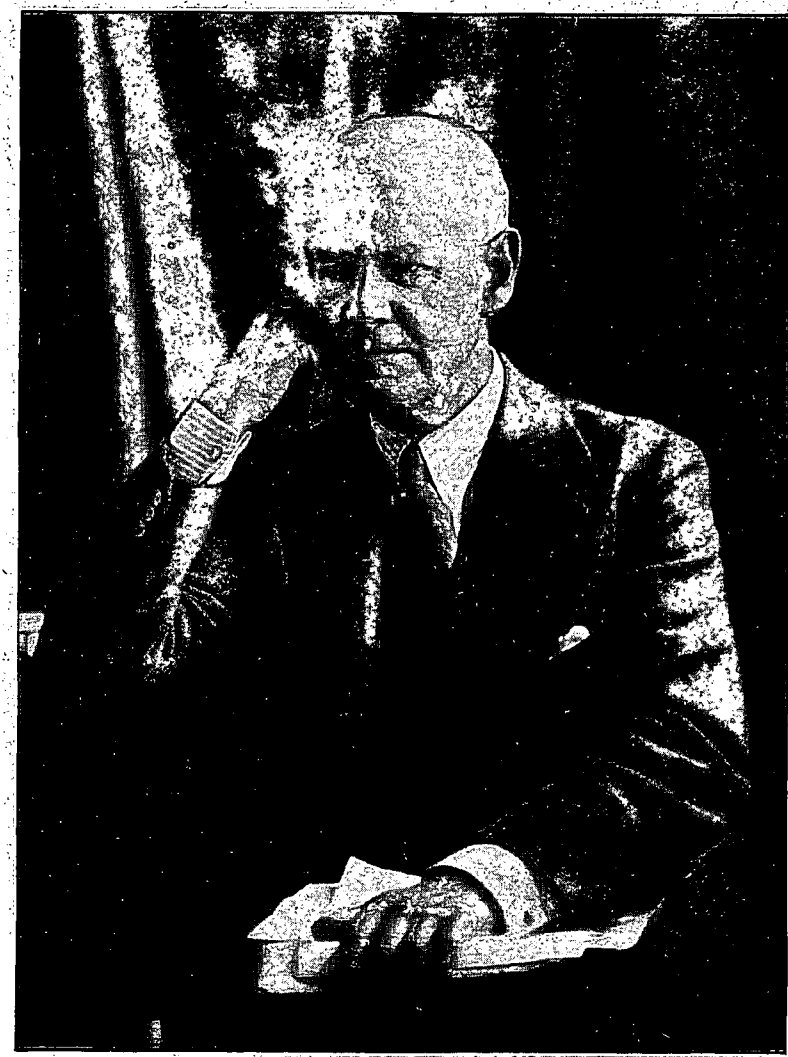

JOHN GALSWORTHY

AWARDED THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE, 1932

Photograph by Doris Ulmann

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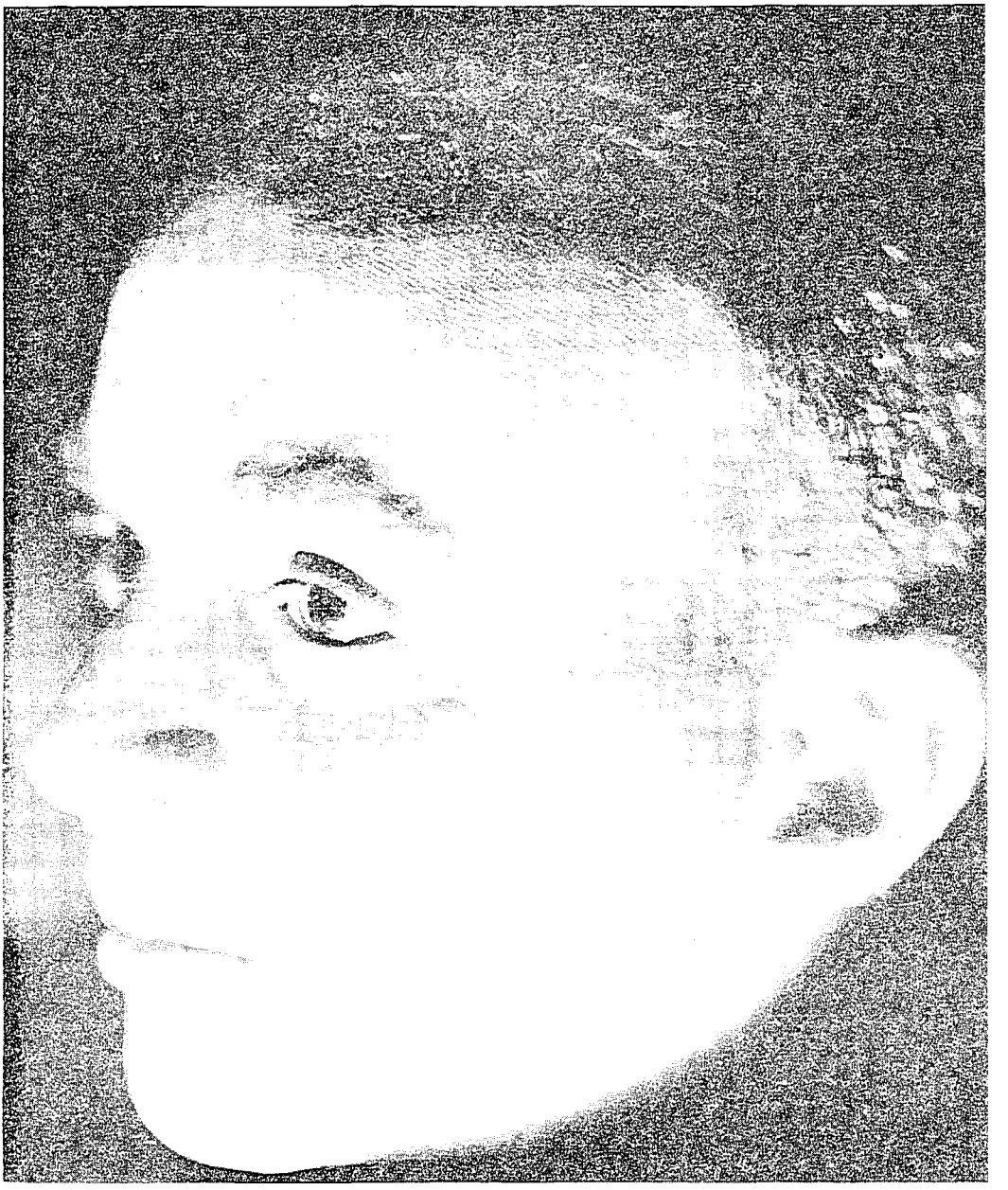

JOHN DOS PASSOS

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The Right Books for the Right People

The Bookman's Selection of Gift Books for Christmas

The Woodcut above Represents the Door of the Cathedral at Valencia, Spain, and is Reproduced from *A Wanderer in Woodcuts* by H. Glintenkamp (Farrar & Rinehart. $3.00)

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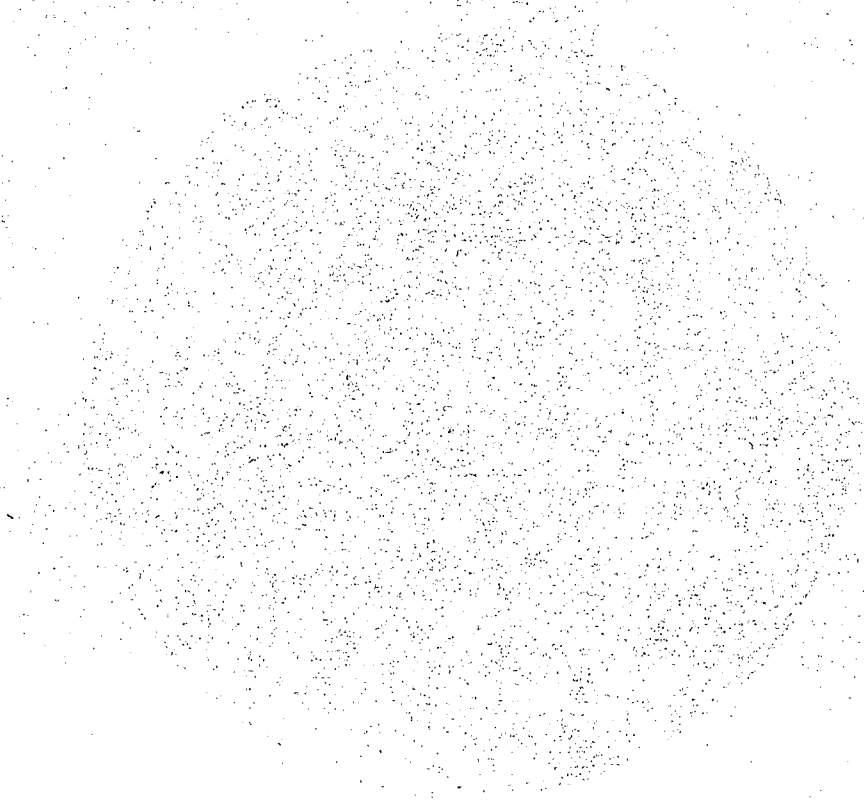

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The Right Books for the Right People

SOMEWHERE among the several thousands of books which have been published during the past season are the particular dozen or so that will make the perfect Christmas gifts for each book-reader's relatives and friends. To aid the visitor to bookstores and the magazine shopper in finding his way among this bewildering assortment we have compiled the following annotated list. It does not pretend to infallibility, any more than it pretends to analyze the whole of the season's book production or to judge it from the standpoint of the professional critic. We offer it, however, with some assurance that our close familiarity with the books that have come into the BOOKMAN office will permit us to make helpful suggestions to our readers.

Such a list is necessarily a composite of several individuals' choices; and to this extent its inclusions and exclusions are purely personal. Our whole effort, however, has been to examine each book jointly with an eye to the kind of person it is likely to please, and we have endeavoured to present our suggestions in as specific a form as possible. Our hope is that we shall succeed in some measure in making our opinions and enthusiasms useful to you in your annual effort to find the right books for the right people.

For the Literary-Minded

WHEN it comes to choosing a gift for a friend of literary tastes, the season offers an embarrassment of riches. There are biographies, scholarly and popular, of great and minor literary figures, there are diaries and journals, there are essays and reminiscences. The biographies listed on the next page are all fascinating as personal records, and shed new light on well-loved figures.

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The Town Hall at Stockholm. From a Woodcut by H. Glintenkamp in *A Wanderer in Woodcuts* (Farrar & Rinehart)

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CHARLOTTE BRONTË *by E. F. Benson* (LONGMANS, GREEN. $4.00)
THE WIFE OF ROSSETTI *by Violet Hunt* (DUTTON. $4.00)
CHAUCER *by G. K. Chesterton* (FARRAR & RINEHART. $2.50)
DOROTHY WORDSWORTH *by Catherine Macdonald Maclean* (VIKING. $5.00)
THE JOURNALS OF ARNOLD BENNETT: (VIKING. VOLUMES I & II EACH $4.00)

Mr. Benson makes Charlotte Brontë live again, in a book which is scholarly and vivid at the same time. Miss Hunt was brought up in the circle of the Pre-Raphaelites, and her book gives details of the daily life of those astonishing men and women which are of endless interest. Mr. Chesterton's masterly study of Chaucer has been awaited so long and snatched up so eagerly that it would be well to make tactful inquiries before planning to send it as a major gift. Miss Maclean's book gives Dorothy Wordsworth the credit she should have had long ago for her inspiration of her brother and of Coleridge, and if the author romanticizes her heroine slightly, at least she got her material together in a scholarly fashion. No lover of modern fiction will willingly miss Arnold Bennett's journals, but not everyone has $8.00 this year; doting godparents of budding authors should be notified particularly that they could not choose a better present.

When it comes to *belles lettres*, essays, and reminiscences on literary subjects, the prospect is just as rich and varied:

LOST LECTURES *by Maurice Baring* (KNOPF. $3.00)
READING, WRITING, AND REMEMBERING *by E. V. Lucas* (HARPERS. $4.00)
THE SECOND COMMON READER *by Virginia Woolf* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $3.00)
TITANS OF LITERATURE *by Burton Rascoe* (PUTNAM. $3.75)
THE ANATOMY OF BIBLIOMANIA *by Holbrook Jackson* (SCRIBNER'S. $7.50)
OPIUM: THE DIARY OF AN ADDICT *by Jean Cocteau* (LONGMANS, GREEN. $2.00)
SELECTED ESSAYS OF T. S. ELIOT (HARCOURT, BRACE. $3.50)

Mr. Baring's gracious and witty mind plays over any number of subjects of literary interest; he is a stylist of a rare sort, the delight of the fastidious. E. V. Lucas's charming tone has long been known to many readers, but these anecdotes of a full career of a man of letters are a new departure for him. Mrs. Woolf's way of bringing her sensitive mind to bear on authors we know and take too casually for granted makes this new *Common Reader* one of the best of gifts for those who love the older English writers. The Titans whom Mr. Rascoe admires are real giants, and his warm and individual appreciation of them makes this a stimulating book to give

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A Wood-Engraving from *Iorana! a Tahitian Journal* by Robert Gibbings with Wood-Engravings by the Author (Houghton, Mifflin. $2.50)

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the young man or woman just awakening to the world of books. *The Anatomy of Bibliomania* covers every aspect of fine books, from the types in which they are set to the minds of the authors; it is in itself one of the most beautifully made books of the year. M. Cocteau's exotic record, full of his sketches while still under the influence of opium, is a book for lovers of the extraordinary, or for De Quincey enthusiasts, while the anthology of Eliot's essays offers in one volume the best prose work of perhaps the most important man of letters of our day.

Fiction in the American Tradition

One hears so much of regionalism these days that there are undoubtedly many who would consider the books below first and foremost as regional novels, and only after that as lastingly important. Every one of these books may be recommended for those who care more for the flavour of the countryside and the talk of real people than they do for artificially dramatic situations. Each of them will be read with delight for years to come, and are important additions to any library.

OBSCURE DESTINIES *by Willa Cather* (KNOPF. $2.00)
THE INVASION *by Janet Lewis* (HARCOURT. $2.50)
THE LAUGHING PIONEER *by Paul Green* (MCBRIDE. $2.00)
THE HAUNTED MIRROR *by Elizabeth Madox Roberts* (VIKING. $2.50)

Fiction for Special Tastes

Not everyone will enjoy the novels listed below, but if you know the tastes of the one to whom your Christmas book is going, no present will arouse quite the same warmth. It is so pleasant to feel that one's most personal tastes have been taken into account, and these, being novels for the most fastidious of readers, are not likely to be found in every Christmas package.

THE ANSWERING GLORY *by R. C. Hutchinson* (FARRAR & RINEHART. $2.00)
THE PLACE OF THE LION *by Charles Williams* (NORTON. $2.50)
THE BURNING BUSH *by Sigrid Undset* (KNOPF. $2.50)
PIGEON IRISH *by Francis Stuart* (MACMILLAN. $2.00)

All of these books are touched with mysticism, but every one of them has an excellent story to tell. The little old missionary of Mr.

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Hutchinson's book would delight anyone who did not demand a heroine of youth and beauty. Mr. Williams's story is compact of horror and philosophy, in almost equal proportions, and has a masterly (and happy) ending. Sigrid Undset's great story of a Catholic convert cannot be given without regard to religious opinions, but where there is no distaste for the Roman Church to be taken into account, no better present could be chosen. Pigeon Irish is half actual story, half latter-day allegory, and will delight lovers of A. E. Yeats, and Synge, but should not be bestowed indiscriminately on those who revel in O'Flaherty's novels.

Fiction: Romance and No Nonsense

ONE type of novel is almost certain to please anyone who reads fiction at all: the good romantic story with no axe to grind. The season has been unusually rich in them, and most of them will be read and re-read for many seasons to come. These make the best of all presents for a Christmas hostess, since they are frankly "indulgence" books which most of us are not rich enough to buy for ourselves. Some of the best are:

BALLERINA *by Lady Eleanor Smith* (BOBBS-MERRILL. $2.50)
THE HOUSE UNDER THE WATER *by Francis Brett Young* (HARPERS. $2.50)
THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ALOYSIUS O'CALLAGHAN *by Thomas Washington-Metcalf* (MORROW. $2.50)
THIRTY CLOCKS STRIKE THE HOUR *by V. Sackville-West* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.50)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY *by Charles Nordhoff & James Norman Hall* (LITTLE, BROWN. $2.50)
A YANKEE ROVER *by Christopher Ward* (SIMON & SCHUSTER. $2.50)

Fiction in Reminiscent Key

THIS year has seen the publication of a number of novels which set out to recapture a past day. They have the charm and delicacy of old etchings, and make delightful gift books for those who love the flavour of the past. All these books hark back to a time that did not dream of a World War. They will bring on light but pleasant attacks of nostalgia in everyone over thirty and suggest to younger readers that their elders' tales are not without foundation.

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OUR STREET *by Compton Mackenzie* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)
A GOOD MAN'S LOVE *by E. M. Delafield* (HARPERS. $2.50)
INVITATION TO THE WALTZ *by Rosamond Lehmann* (HOLT. $2.00)
SUMMER HOLIDAY *by Sheila Kaye-Smith* (HARPERS. $2.50)
GREENBANKS *by Dorothy Whipple* (FARRAR & RINEHART. $2.50)
THE RIPENING *by Colette* (FARRAR & RINEHART. $2.00)

Fiction: Intellectual Blood and Thunder

MANY a man would like nothing better than to get hold of a book about Dick Dead-Eye if it were not for the paralyzing effect of his friends' opinions. Such martyrs to conscience can be made and kept happy by giving them books that everyone is proud to be seen reading, but in which the shootings and blood-lettings surpass, if anything, the amount of gore spilled in books read behind the barn. Guaranteed to chill the stoutest heart, and yet confer glory on the reader, are:

THE CASE IS ALTERED *by William Plomer* (FARRAR & RINEHART. $2.50)
1919 *by John Dos Passos* (HARCOURT. $2.50)
LIGHT IN AUGUST *by William Faulkner* (SMITH & HAAS. $2.50)
SKERRETT *by Liam O'Flaherty* (LONG & SMITH. $2.50)
A NEW YORK TEMPEST *by Manuel Komroff* (COWARD MCCANN. $2.50)

For the Biography Reader

PERHAPS the safest and most substantial of all gifts for the general reader—and particularly for the man who, protesting that he never reads novels, really means that he distrusts anything that sounds "literary"—is a good, sound biography. The subject portrayed makes relatively little difference; the essential thing is that the book be rewarding in terms of information and insight. These eight suggestions meet every requirement as gifts that will be kept and enjoyed. The first six are especially recommended for men, the last two especially for women.

GOD'S GOLD *by John T. Flynn* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $3.50)
BEVERIDGE AND THE PROGRESSIVE ERA *by Claude G. Bowers* (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. $5.00)
NAPOLEON *by Hilaire Belloc* (LIPPINCOTT. $4.00)

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"The Rain Sets in at Nightfall . . . and Still the Blackbird Sings." A Woodcut by Eric Fitch Daglish from *The South Country* by Edward Thomas (Dutton. $3.75)

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PORFIRIO DIAZ, DICTATOR OF MEXICO *by Carleton Beals* (LIPPINCOTT. $5.00)
THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF JOFFRE *translated by Colonel T. Bentley Mott* (HARPERS. 2 VOLS. $6.00)
GROVER CLEVELAND *by Allan Nevins* (DODD, MEAD. $4.00)
THE SCOTTISH QUEEN *by Herbert Gorman* (FARRAR & RINEHART. $4.00)
THE TRIAL OF JEANNE D'ARC *edited and translated by W. P. Barrett* (GOTHAM HOUSE. $4.00)

God's Gold is the story of the rise of John D. Rockefeller, and every man will like it no matter how many previous biographies of Rockefeller he may have read, for it goes thoroughly into the economic and social background of the period. Of the two recommendations for women, the first is a fine treatment of an always appealing figure, Mary Queen of Scots; the second is the first public offering in English of all the documents in one of the most stirring stories in history, and will interest many men as well.

For the Historical-Minded

OR gift purposes history has two great virtues: it offers fields for every taste, and there is always something fresh turning up. This season's lists have been particularly strong in well-written re-interpretations and in graceful historical essays, together with at least one volume of fresh insight into the Dark Ages.

THE MAKING OF EUROPE *by Christopher Dawson* (MACMILLAN. $3.75)
VAN LOON'S GEOGRAPHY *by Hendrik Willem Van Loon* (SIMON & SCHUSTER $3.75)
THE MARCH OF DEMOCRACY *by James Truslow Adams* (SCRIBNER'S. $3.50)
JOHN SLIDELL AND THE CONFEDERATES IN PARIS *by Beckles Willson* (MINTON, BALCH. $3.50)
WAH'KON-TAH *by John Joseph Mathews* (UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS. $2.50)
BATH *by Edith Sitwell* (SMITH & HAAS. $3.50)

Mr. Dawson's brilliant study should be reserved for the most serious student of history among your friends; Mr. Van Loon's (which, in spite of the title, is really a history of the world) is safe for nearly anyone. Of the three books on American subjects, Mr. Adams's is the most generally interesting; it covers the colonial and early federal periods. Mr. Willson's is a delightful excursion into a bypath of Civil War history; Mr. Mathews's is concerned with the trials of the Osage Indians from 1878 until the discovery of oil, and is particularly recommended for women. The final sug-

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A Woodcut from *Wild Pilgrimage, a Novel in Woodcuts*, by Lynd Ward (Smith & Haas. $3.00). The Author Achieves Some Remarkably Telling Effects by Using Black for the Actual and Red for the Imaginative Life of His Protagonist.

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gestion, Miss Sitwell's brilliant history of a famous eighteenth-century watering place, is a certain success with any woman who has even so much as heard of Dr. Johnson and Beau Nash.

Pure Diversion

PICTURE books for adults have recently burst into full-blown popularity, and the household which does not receive one or more of them on Christmas day will be the sadder and poorer for the oversight. It should be pointed out, however, that these are not the books to give to rock-ribbed Puritans; there is a certain lightness, even ribaldry, in their treatment of the respectabilities, but many who are never known to read even the lightest of novels will fall on these with cries of joy.

MAN ABOUT TOWN *by William Steig* (LONG & SMITH. $3.00)
PETER ARNO'S FAVORITES (BLUE RIBBON. $1.00)
THE SEAL IN THE BEDROOM *by James Thurber* (HARPERS. $2.00)

For those who will go so far as to read if they are certain of half-a-dozen laughs a page, there are three high-water marks:

HOT WATER *by P. G. Wodehouse* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)
COMIC RELIEF *edited by R. N. Linscott* (HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN. $2.50)
NO POEMS *by Robert Benchley* (HARPERS. $2.00)

Inexpensive Gift Books of Varied Appeal

IN THESE days the gift must often be inexpensive. People whose pocketbooks will not permit them, no matter how great their good-will and affection, to spend as much as two dollars may still convey their Christmas sentiments in books. The little volumes on this list conceal rich stores of pleasure beneath their humble prices. They also make useful supplementary volumes when more than one gift is called for. And a few of them are handy to have around for the relatives and friends forgotten until the last moment.

FAREWELL MISS JULIE LOGAN *by James M. Barrie* (SCRIBNER'S. $1.00)
A RABBIT IN THE AIR *by David Garnett* (BREWER, WARREN & PUTNAM. $1.50)
IF YOU LIKE HORSES *by Jacqueline Russell* (HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN. $1.50)
SYCAMORE SQUARE *by Jan Struther* (OXFORD. $1.25)
APPRECIATION *by William Lyon Phelps* (DUTTON. $1.00)

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BOOK XIV

Meanwhile Odysseus strode up the hill-path that climbed straight from the timbered plains into the highlands, the way Athene had pointed him, to that devoted swineherd who cared more for his lord's substance than any other of the serfs Odysseus owned.

He found him sitting in the lodge of his high-walled steading which was a landmark because it stood by itself and was well built and large. Without telling his lady or grandfather Laertes, the swineherd had made it himself for his absent master's pigs by lining up boulders from round about and topping them with a dense hedge of prickly pear. For outer fence he had run round it a stiff, very close-set paling of heart-of-oak, the tree's dark core. All in a row inside the pound he had contrived twelve sties to lodge his beasts. Fifty each sty held, of the brood sows be it understood, supine on beds of litter in their pens : as for the boars, they were kept in the

A page from the English Edition of "T. E. Lawrence's" *Odyssey* with Decorations Printed on Discs of Gold Leaf (actual size: 7¾ by 11½ inches). The English and the American (Oxford) Editions of This Book Were Designed by Bruce Rogers.

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Books on Current Problems

ooks on current problems settle down these days to books on one problem: the chaos in which our industrial society finds itself. At a time when every thinking person is turning his mind toward the ills of industrialism, solid books on that subject are likely to be as welcome as gifts as the lighter fare more usually associated with Christmas.

A NEW DEAL *by Stuart Chase* (MACMILLAN. $2.00)
A GUIDE THROUGH WORLD CHAOS *by G. D. H. Cole* (KNOPF. $3.75)
INTERPRETATIONS *by Walter Lippmann* (MACMILLAN. $2.50)
THE REVOLT OF THE MASSES *by Jose Ortega y Gasset* (NORTON. $2.75)

Appealing to Special Tastes

ertain books by their very nature suggest the ideal recipient; they enable one to profit by the fact that a gift which takes account of a hobby or special taste is twice appreciated. Here are six publications whose titles alone may call the right persons to mind:

THE STORY OF BERMUDA *by Hudson Strode* (SMITH & HAAS. $5.00)
BEAUTY OF FLIGHT *by Manfred Curry* (DAY. $5.00)
DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON *by Ernest Hemingway* (SCRIBNER'S. $3.50)
IN SEARCH OF THE ANTIQUE *by Thomas Rohan* (DIAL PRESS. $3.50)
A NEW WAY TO BETTER GOLF *by Alex Morrison* (SIMON & SCHUSTER. $2.00)
OFFICIAL SYSTEM OF CONTRACT BRIDGE (WINSTON. $1.50)
BLUE BOOK OF 1933 *by Ely Culbertson* (BRIDGE WORLD, INC. $2.00)

Poetry

oetry is probably the favorite form of literature for Christmas giving. This season is not preëminent for its poetic contributions, but there is no lack of excellent volumes covering a broad range of tastes.

RIP TIDE *by William Rose Benét* (DUFFIELD & GREEN. $2.50)
AMERICAN POETS, 1630–1930 *edited by Mark Van Doren* (LITTLE, BROWN. $3.75)
THE CATHOLIC ANTHOLOGY *edited by Thomas Walsh* (MACMILLAN. $2.50)
THE BEST POEMS OF 1932 *edited by Thomas Moult* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $2.00)
THE OXFORD BOOK OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY VERSE *edited by E. K. Chambers* (OXFORD. $3.00)
A TALE OF TROY *by John Masefield* (MACMILLAN. $1.50)
NICODEMUS *by Edwin Arlington Robinson* (MACMILLAN. $1.75)

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A Shelf of Fine Books

Art

PABLO PICASSO. *By Christian Zervos.* VOLUME I (1895–1906). *185 pages of plates. New York,* E. WEYHE. $20.00.

ART FORMS IN NATURE. *By Karl Blossfeldt. Second Series. 120 pages of plates. New York,* E. WEYHE. $10.50.

WOOD-ENGRAVINGS AND WOODCUTS. *By Clare Leighton. Illustrated with photographs and reproductions of woodcuts. London,* THE STUDIO, LTD.; *New York,* JAPAN PAPER COMPANY. $2.50.

Bibliography

A COLLECTOR'S COMMENT ON HIS FIRST EDITIONS OF THE WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. *By William C. Van Antwerp. San Francisco, Gelber, Lilienthal, Inc.* (THE GRABHORNE PRESS). *Portrait frontispiece.* $7.50.

THE HARCOURT AMORY COLLECTION OF LEWIS CARROLL IN THE HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY. *By Flora V. Livingston. Cambridge,* HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS. *11 illustrations and a frontispiece.* $35.00.

AMERICAN FIRST EDITIONS. *Bibliographical Check List of the Works of 146 American Authors. By Merle Johnson. Revised and Enlarged Edition. New York,* R. R. BOWKER COMPANY. $10.00.

Illustrated Books

IORANA! *By Robert Gibbings. Boston,* HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN. $2.50.

THE SOUTH COUNTRY. *By Edward Thomas. Woodcuts by Eric Fitch Daglish. New York,* DUTTON. $3.75.

WILD PILGRIMAGE. *A Novel in Woodcuts. By Lynd Ward. New York,* SMITH & HAAS. $3.00.

A WANDERER IN WOODCUTS. *By H. Glintenkamp. New York,* FARRAR & RINEHART. $3.00.

Limited Editions

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER. *Translation by T. E. Shaw. Three separate editions:* (1) *London,* SIR EMERY WALKER, WILFRID MERTON, AND BRUCE ROGERS. *This is superbly printed on hand made paper, with decorations of which the backgrounds are gold leaf and the drawings black, in the style of Greek primitive vase paintings. The binding is a black crushed levant stamped in gold. Limited to 530 copies. About* $60.00 *in the United States.* (2) *New York,* OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS. *A limited edition in smaller format, likewise designed by Bruce Rogers. Bound in Hermitage Calf. Limited to 25 copies for sale.* $60.00. (3) *New York,* OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS. *An unlimited trade edition from the same plates as* (2), *but in smaller format.* $3.50.

JOHN DRYDEN: THE POET, THE DRAMATIST, THE CRITIC. *Three Essays by T. S. Eliot. Portrait. Limited to 100 copies. New York,* TERENCE AND ELSA HOLLIDAY. $7.50. (*A trade edition in cheaper paper and binding and without the portrait is offered at* $1.50.)

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL. *By William Shakespeare. Engravings by Eric Ravilious. Limited to 275 copies. London,* THE GOLDEN COCKEREL PRESS. $16.00.

LOVELY LAUGHTER. *An Anthology of Seventeenth Century Love Lyrics. Edited by Earl E. Fisk. Decorations by Véra Willoughby. Limited to 999 copies. London,* CASSELL; *New York,* KNOPF. $7.50.

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THE END OF THE MODERNS

by G. K. Chesterton

All schools of thought, moderate or revolutionary or reactionary, are agreed that the future is full of new possibilities or perils, that the various forms of revolt in art or thought are the beginning of big changes, and especially that certain geniuses, creative or destructive, have opened the gates of a new world. The Communist may think they are the gates of heaven, or the Conservative that they are the gates of hell. But both substantially agree that they mark not only the end of the world, but the beginning of another world. The modern writers who have been hailed alternatively as dynamic or demoniac are, for good or evil, but the forerunners of others yet more dynamic or more demoniac. Both sides are heartily agreed about this; and I have the misfortune to disagree with both of them.

I think the first fact about what may roughly be called Futurism is that it has no future. It has still a very lively and interesting present. Indeed, it has already a picturesque and romantic past. The life of D. H. Lawrence, for instance, has already become a mere legend, which might be of any antiquity; and the romantic and rather sentimental glamour that has already gathered about him is now quite as distant and diffused as that which gathered round Byron or Burns. As for the present, no period could be entirely dull when Mr. Aldous Huxley was writing in it; but it is significant to notice what he writes. In one of his latest books, *Brave New World*, he shows that however grimly he may enjoy the present, he already definitely hates the future. And I only differ from him in not believing that there is any such future to hate.

I take these two names as typical of what has been called in the last decade modernity or revolt; but the thesis I would seriously suggest covers something larger and perhaps simpler. The revolutionary elements in our epoch do not mark the beginning, but the end, of an epoch of revolution. I should hesitate to describe a number of distinguished and often honest literary gentlemen as Dregs; or I would have given that short and convenient title to this article. I prefer to put the same meaning, or even the same metaphor, into the words of a revolutionary poet (whose present unpopularity is enough to show how insecure is the future of revolutionary poetry), and while I drink to the memory of Lawrence or the health of Huxley, murmur the words:

> All thine the last wine that I pour is
> The last in the chalice I drain.

That will suggest the same idea in less offensive language. In short, it is doubtless true, in the words of Mr. Jefferson Brick (that pioneer of revolt), that the Libation of Freedom must sometimes be quaffed in Blood; but whether it be in blood or wine, that cup is very nearly dry.

My reason for thinking this has nothing to do with likes or dislikes or the wish being father to the thought; it is the sort of logic

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that is more like mathematics or chess. To almost all the modern moral and metaphysical systems, as stated by the moderns themselves, I should be content to add the comment, "Mate in three moves". That is, these thinkers have landed themselves in positions which are already doomed by the laws of thought; or, to change the mathematical to the military figure, their positions are outflanked, their communications cut, and their ammunition very obviously running short. In many cases, their form of revolt is one that *can* only be a sort of temporary formation. Merely to explain what I mean, I will take an extremely crude and even clumsy example first. It does not touch the more distinguished types I have mentioned; but it does show in a very clear and plain shape the sense in which such things are intrinsically fugitive. I mean what may be called the literary use of blasphemy. Earlier, when the spirit of revolt was younger, it was used by some men of genuis; by Swinburne, in whose work it seems now to have entirely lost its sting. Recently a modern writer, actually appointed to make a special study of Swinburne, asked wearily how anybody could get excited about the verses which said that the Galilean also would go down to the dead. It also disturbed the fine literature and very confused cosmic philosophy of Thomas Hardy; who tried to say (at the same time) that God did not exist, and that He ought to be ashamed of existing; or possibly that He ought to be ashamed of not existing. This irritable profanity, which is already rather stale among cultivated people, is apparently still quite fresh to the Communists; but that is because Bolshevist Russia is the most backward State in Europe. It is even said that attempts were made to print atheistic assertions on matchboxes and sell them in England as propaganda. If it be true, they must have a very queer idea of England, to suppose that its somewhat too inert populace could be roused to universal civil war by bad language printed on a match-box. But the only point here is that this sort of bad language, like all bad language, necessarily weakens itself by use. The literature of atheism is bound to fail exactly in proportion as it succeeds. The Bolshevists have not merely tried to abolish God; which some think a trick needing some ingenuity. They have tried to make an institution of the abolition of God; and when the God is abolished, the abolition is abolished. There can never be any *future* for the literature of blasphemy; for if it fails, it fails; and if it succeeds, it becomes a literature of respectability. In short, all *that* sort of effect can only be an instantaneous effect; like smashing a valuable vase that cannot be smashed again. The heaven-defying gesture can only be impressive as a last gesture. Blasphemy is by definition the end of everything, including the blasphemer. The wife of Job saw the commonsense of this, when she instinctively said, "Curse God and die". The modern poet, by some thoughtless oversight, so often neglects to die.

This is a very crude and popular instance; but it exactly defines what I mean, when I say that all these death-dealing dynamic motions carry the seeds of their own death. And when we turn to the more subtle and suggestive writers, such as those I have named, we shall find that this is exactly their own condition. They are not opening the gates either of heaven or hell; they are in a blind-alley, at the end of which there is no door. They are always philosophizing and they have no philosophy. They have not reached that reality, that reason of things, or even that fully realized unreason of things, for which they are obviously and indeed avowedly seeking. But, what is here more to the

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point, they do not (like the old revolutionists) even know the direction in which they are to seek it. They have failed to discover, not only any purpose in the world, but even any purpose in the will. They are witty, brilliant, and fashionable bankrupts. They have come to an end; and they have not come to an End. The earlier rebels were happy in being pioneers of the actual forward movements of their time; as Walt Whitman, axe in hand, walked before the actual march of industrial democracy. But Mr. Aldous Huxley can hardly be roused by the word Democracy. D. H. Lawrence, on the other hand, could be roused by the word Industrialism.

So far as that is concerned, the case is simple enough. Lawrence, whom so many moderns have made a sort of test of modernity, was in fact in violent revolt against anything and everything that can be called modern. He did not merely hate industrial machinery and the servile society it has produced. He hated practically all the effects of science and public education and even political progress. All that is very right and proper; but he also hated intellectualism along with industrialism; though why anybody should think industrialism particularly intellectual, I cannot imagine. But he was perfectly right in his revolt against these things; only they are all in their very nature modern or very recent things. He himself was in favour of very ancient things, and notably of one of the most ancient things on the earth: the worship of the earth itself, the Great Mother, Demeter. But he could not, by his own admission, even do this, without almost literally cutting off his own head. It may be regarded, in a thinker, as at least equivalent to cutting his own throat. He confessed, in effect, that he could only worship Demeter from the neck downwards. He could only do it by setting the subconsciousness against the consciousness, or in other words, the dreams against the daylight. It is surely a remarkable gospel for an age of realism. In a famous passage he wrote, "In my dark heart gods are", but added that in his "white mind" they were not, having been washed or whitewashed out by elementary education. But the modern educated mind is not white; it is only pale.

The point is that from every point of view, ancient or modern, his solution is not a solution. A man cannot leave his head at home and send his body dancing through the world and doing as it likes; and there is no earthly reason for supposing that it will do what it ought, from a modern or any other point of view. For instance, if it fancies food, it will steal; and it will steal quite as readily from Communist stores as from private houses. This is not the beginning of a new life, a gorgeous jungle opening before man as a sort of Mowgli. It is the end of an utterly impossible argument, which cannot be carried any further. A man wallowing in the earth with the animals would not be an animal. He would only be a lunatic; which is the exact opposite of an animal. There was no way out of the intellectual or anti-intellectual *impasse* into which Lawrence had got himself; except the third road which he never thought of—possibly because it leads to Rome. If mere rationalism is insufficient, we must get above the reason and not below it. The direct appeal to Nature is utterly unnatural. I admit it was weakly conceded by the Pantheists of the first revolutionary phase, now very remote, and many who would pass for pious accepted it. Professor Babbitt has pointed out some of the dangerous concessions in Wordsworth. Another even more orthodox writer expressed the error of that period. He said that we must rise through Nature up to Nature's God. He was wrong. We must descend from God down to God's Nature. Na-

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ture is only right when seen in the light of the highest right; whether it be, as some Humanists would say, in the mind of Man, or as Christians would say, in the mind of God. But they really believe in their God; and Lawrence did not really believe in his Goddess. He passionately disbelieved in everything except something in which he could not really believe.

Mr. Aldous Huxley, whom I have taken as the other outstanding talent of that time, sees this impossibility and avoids it. But he can only avoid it by cutting down his own standard to something so thin that it can hardly stand. In one of his recent novels, a character sums up much of the general teaching of the author, by saying that Man must not hope to be either an animal or an angel. He adds, significantly, that it is a tight-rope sort of business. Now walking on a tight-rope is both difficult and dangerous; and the author makes the good life really more difficult than it is for an ascetic. He has not only to avoid being an animal; but he must guard against any unlucky accident that might turn him into an angel. That is, he is forbidden to have the enthusiasms and spiritual ambitions that have sustained the saints; and yet he has got to become in cold blood something much more exceptional than a saint. Nobody asks such a realist as Mr. Huxley to idealize the real. But such a realist must surely know that human nature cannot show, at every instant, the valour and vigilance of a spiritual tight-rope walker, cannot suffer more for this ideal than all the heroes, and yet be forbidden even to idealize its own ideal. The plan of life is simply obviously unworkable; where the plans of the wildest mystics and martyrs have proved workable.

I say that I do not abhor these men as the first figures of an advancing anarchist army. On the contrary, I admire these men as the last figures of a defeated anarchist army. I take these two original and forcible writers as types of many others; but the point is that they are not, like the anarchists of history, at the head of an army marching in a determined direction. That is exactly what they are not. Lawrence rushed out against almost everything; Huxley, being more sensitive, recoils from almost everything. But, however valuable be the vivid description of the one or the sharp criticism of the other, they are not valuable as guides; and certainly not as guides to a revolution. They had not the simplification given either by religion or irreligion. There was something grand about D. H. Lawrence groping blindly in the dark; but he really was in the dark, not only about the Will of God, but about the will of D. H. Lawrence. He was ready to go anywhere; but he did not really know where to go next. Aldous Huxley is ideally witty; but he is at his wit's end.

Now of course there are numberless copyists and followers calling themselves revolutionary, who would say that they knew where to go; simply because they are content with some conventional word like Communism. For Communism is almost the same word as convention; it means people "getting together", and nothing else. But that very fact illustrates what I say, when I say that the army is short of ammunition and the end is near. When the great democratic movement began, it was supported by real democratic emotions. Only Comradeship can be the soul of Communism; for otherwise it has no soul. But the more we note the actual temper of the new rebels, the more we shall note that all that is gone. The men who call themselves Communists are not Comrades. Their tone is bitterly individualistic, and bitterly critical. When Walt Whitman looked at a crowd, it is really true to say that he loved the crowd.

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When a modern poet, imitating the free verse of Whitman (which was the least free thing about him), describes a crowd, it is always to describe his disgust with the crowd. They have none of the natural sentiments that would correspond with their unnatural dogmas. In other words, the army is short of powder; short of passion, short of the primary impulses that make such an army act. For they are not a vanguard advancing; they are the end of a revolutionary adventure, both for good and evil, which began more than a hundred years ago; and they are fighting the rearguard action of a retreat. Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity really meant something to the emotions of those who first used the phrase. But Fraternity is the last emotion anyone is likely to find in an acrid article or poem by a modern rebel; Liberty is lost in both systems, old and new; and Equality only remains in the form of a dull attempt at uniformity, copied from that very mechanical capitalism which the rebels would reject.

Along with those who accept the thing as a label, or hope fallaciously that they may accept it as a fashion, there are some who accept it in a more noble but very negative way; for the very reasons I have urged in this article. I mean that they accept it desperately, as the only way out of an intellectual *impasse*. It is not too much to say that Mr. Middleton Murry accepts Soviets with the gestures of a great heathen accepting suicide. He seems to exult in the thought of it being the end of everything, or at least the end of nearly everything he likes. That is yet another example of the psychology I have attempted to describe; the psychology of men who have come to the end. I do not want to confuse this distinct impression with jaded journalistic talk about pessimism. People will call Mr. Aldous Huxley a pessimist, in the sense of one who makes the worst of it. To me he is that far more gloomy character, the man who makes the best of it. He gives the best advice he can, in conditions of converging impossibility.

I do not write here in a hostile spirit about any of these recent realistic or revolutionary writers; on the contrary, I sincerely sympathize with them, because, unlike the earlier revolutionists, they know they are in an intellectual hole. Doubtless, there are thousands of gay and buoyant innovators who are not intelligent enough to know it. But the same plan of defeat is spread over the whole situation. It can be seen, for instance, in the thousands of thoughtless "sexual" novels, the writers of which are evidently unconscious that they have got into a logical contradiction about the whole position of sex. They inherit the notion that sex is a serious crux and crisis; for indeed this is necessary to the very nature of a novel. In this they are living on the last legacy of Romanticism; which, in its turn, was living on the last legacy of Religion. But their new and simple philosophy teaches them that sex is only the sort of necessity that is also a triviality. Sex is no more crucial than smoking; so that the modern novelist, torn between two ideas, has to attempt to write a story about a man who smokes twenty cigarettes and tries to think that each of them is a crisis. In all these things there is an intellectual tangle; the sort of thing that eventually tightens and throttles. Of this sort of philosopher it is exactly and literally true to say that, if you give him rope enough, he will hang himself. It is consoling to reflect that suicide holds a sublime place in his philosophy.

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THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

by Vincent Starrett

It is, of course, notorious—we have Watson's word for it—that Mr. Sherlock Holmes "loathed every form of society with his whole Bohemian soul". The word *society* is poorly chosen. What Watson—a careless writer—intended to convey was that *social life* offended the Bohemian soul of his companion; in consequence of which emotion he preferred to spend his time in Baker Street when others might have gone to teas and parties: "buried among his old books", as Watson says, "and alternating from week to week between cocaine and ambition—the drowsiness of the drug and the fierce energy of his own keen nature".

In time, it is true, the doctor weaned him from the drug—to the detriment of romantic interest, whatever the benefit to Holmes—but even then it is seldom that one finds the saturnine detective accepting or turning down an invitation. He simply didn't get them. No doubt there had been plenty of them in his youth; but in the face of his consistent declinations—after an experience or two, perhaps, with bores—he would in time, of course, be let alone. It is, one fancies, almost as great a nuisance to be a detective as to be a doctor: there are always guests with problems to present.

The fact is Watson, too, preferred the silences or the friendly arguments of Baker Street to any attraction London had to offer—a circumstance in which he is at one with his adoring readers. Each man preferred the company of the other, and was glad enough, no doubt, even to see a client leave the doorstep. Even, perhaps, Lestrade or Tobias Gregson. Even, perhaps, Inspector Stanley Hopkins; although for Hopkins Holmes had a considerable admiration, and on a cold night a prescription containing whisky.

To the casual student of the detective's cases it may appear that the rooms in Baker Street were always crowded. His first impression may be that of a bewildered client teetering on the rug; an armchair in which the detective is curled like a Mohammedan, smoking shag; a cane-backed chair or sofa containing Watson; and Mrs. Hudson entering to announce Lestrade—whose footstep is on the stair. In actuality, there were long hours of comradely communion between the occupants. Seldom indeed did anyone stay the night. And some of the happiest memories, surely, of the epic history are those of Holmes and Watson living their simple, private lives. Not Crusoe and his admirable Friday—one had almost said his goat—were more resolutely at home upon their island than Sherlock Holmes and Watson in their living-room. They passed there some of the most felicitous moments of their common life.

Not that they did not, on occasion, venture the Victorian whirl. There is ample record that Holmes, at least, was fond of opera—sufficiently so to hurry to Covent Garden, on a Wagner night, with no hope of arriving before the second act. This was after the successful culmination of the *Red Circle*

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adventure, and was possibly in the nature of a reward. Similarly, it will be remembered, after some weeks of severe work on the problem presented by Sir Henry Baskerville, the pair went off to hear the De Reszkes in *Les Huguenots*. Holmes had procured a box, and on the way they stopped at Marcini's for a little dinner. "Turning their thoughts into more pleasant channels" was the way in which Holmes described the De Reszke adventure. A musician himself, he would naturally turn to music for rest and surcease, after a desperate morning round with murderers. Not always was his own violin sufficient.

As early in their association as the celebrated *Study in Scarlet* the detective had dragged his companion off to Hallé's concert, after a triumphant morning of detection at Lauriston Gardens. Neruda was to play: "Her attack and her bowing are splendid", commented Sherlock Holmes. "What's that little thing of Chopin's she plays so magnificently?" If he really expected Watson to answer him, the suggestion is clear that the doctor also knew something about music. And luncheon, of course, immediately preceded Neruda. Both men, without being gluttons, were fond of eating, and frequently they posted off to some favourite London restaurant. After the hideous comedy of the *Dying Detective* it was to Simpson's they went for sustenance, however; not Marcini's. Possibly it seemed a better place to eat when food in quantity was what was needed. Holmes, it will be recalled, had been at that time fasting for several days.

St. James's Hall was also a favourite sanctuary when it was possible for Holmes to interrupt his sleuthing. "And now, Doctor, we've done our work; it's time we had some play", one hears him cry to Watson, after a brilliant morning of deduction. "A sandwich and a cup of coffee; then off to violin land, where all is sweetness and delicacy and harmony, and there are no red-headed clients to vex us with their conundrums." The occasion of this pleasant interlude was the intermission, as it were, before the "crash" in the fantastic problem of Mr. Jabez Wilson. And all that afternoon, the doctor tells us, "he sat in the stalls, wrapped in the most perfect happiness, gently waving his long thin fingers in time to the music"—listening to Sarasate play the violin.

The picture galleries, too, it must be assumed, were browsing-spots attractive to the collaborators. No doubt they served as stopgaps in the long days of criminal investigation—when it was possible pleasantly to while away an hour while waiting for an appointment. A clue to this diversion is to be found in the early pages of the *Hound*, after the profitable discovery of the bearded man, in Regent Street: "And now, Watson, it only remains for us to find out by wire the identity of the cabman . . . and then we will drop into one of the Bond Street picture-galleries and fill in the time until we are due at the hotel". But the incident was not, we may be sure, an isolated one. The mind turns easily at such times to the familiar groove. Did they, one wonders, care for Mr. Whistler? Or was "The Charge of the Scots Greys" more to their British taste?

It is quite clear, at any rate, that the occasional social exercises of the two were largely cultural. When they went forth from Baker Street, it was upon a trail of evil import or to a place of decent entertainment. Occasionally, to a Turkish bath; and very likely—one suspects—now and again to Madame Tussaud's. On the whole, however, they preferred to stay at home. Away from it, the detective's temper was always uncertain. "Without his scrapbooks, his chemicals, his untidiness, he was an uncomfortable man."

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From time to time they travelled on the Continent, not always on the business of a client; and several parts of rural England knew them well. It was on one of these joint vacation jaunts that they chanced upon the ugly business of the *Reigate Squires*—when they were the guests of Colonel Hayter, down in Surrey; and it was presumably a sort of holiday adventure that furnished them the instructive problem of the *Three Students*—a sort of pendant to Holmes's laborious researches into early English charters. Again, it was a vacation trip that took them—in 1897—to the small cottage near Poldhu Bay, at the further extremity of the Cornish peninsula, in which singular and sinister neighbourhood there befell that gruesome experience chronicled by Watson as *The Devil's Foot*. Once, it is certain, they went to Norway; but if aught of criminal interest developed during the visit, it has yet to be reported.

From these vacation trips—interrupted as they invariably were by theft or murder—Holmes always returned to Baker Street refreshed. It was, however, only the thefts and murders that consoled him for the time thus spent away from home.

And it is at home, in Baker Street, that one likes best to think of them—alone and puttering with their secret interests. Little vignettes of perfect happiness, wreathed in tobacco smoke and London fog.

Of course they took in all the daily papers, and read them with a diligence almost incredible. Did not the detective prop his journal against the breakfast sugar bowl? And did not Watson, when he sat down at table, invariably thump his knee against the leg? For Watson, at any rate, there was usually a lecture. . . . After the return from Switzerland—by way of Lhassa—the papers rather disappointed Holmes. With Moriarty dead, London, from the point of view of the criminal expert, he said, had become a singularly uninteresting city. . . . "With that man in the field one's morning paper presented infinite possibilities. Often it was only the smallest trace, Watson, the faintest indication, and yet it was enough to tell me that the great malignant brain was there, as the gentlest tremors of the edges of the web remind one of the foul spider which lurks in the center. Petty thefts, wanton assaults, purposeless outrage—to the man who held the clue all could be worked into one connected whole. To the scientific student of the higher criminal world no capital of Europe offered the advantages which London then possessed. But now ——!"

One sees the pile of papers growing in a corner, mounting up toward the gasogene and pipe-rack, till in a fit of energy Holmes scissored them to fragments. That rid the room of papers, for the nonce, but presented the new problem of the clippings: there were probably thousands waiting to be pasted up. And then, another night, another burst of energy, and some hundreds would at length be docketed. Over the years the row of scrapbooks lengthened on the shelf. Cold winter evenings or rainy nights of autumn were likely to be dedicated to the pasting-up; sometimes to indexing what already had been pasted. A never-ending chore. When and if ever the British Museum shall acquire the scrapbooks of Mr. Sherlock Holmes one hopes to read the volume under "V"—a fascinating miscellany. The *Voyage* of the *Gloria Scott* is there, and a biography of *Victor Lynch* the forger. Also the case of *Vanderbilt* and the Yeggman—unchronicled by Watson—and somewhat concerning *Vittoria* the circus belle. *Vigour,* the Hammersmith Wonder; and *Vipers*—possibly *Vodka*—and a Draculian paper on *Vampires*. . . .

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Holmes obviously had a system of his own. Most scrapbook makers would simply have listed *Lynch* and lizard under the letter "L", letting it go at that. But the detective indexed his clippings to the last adjective and adverb.

The relationship between the collaborators was ideal, after the years had taught them to know each other. About his own share in the partnership Watson had no illusions; but he was not too servile. Some thousands of his readers, he must have known, would happily have traded places with him. His statement as to himself and Sherlock Holmes, candidly prefixed to the adventure of *The Creeping Man*, is admirably lucid and not a little penetrating: "The relations between us", he asserts, "were peculiar. He was a man of habits, narrow and concentrated habits, and I had become one of them. As an institution I was like the violin, the shag tobacco, the old black pipe, the index books, and others perhaps less excusable. When it was a case of active work and a comrade was needed upon whose nerve he could place some reliance, my rôle was obvious. But apart from this I had uses. I was a whetstone for his mind. I stimulated him. He liked to think aloud in my presence. His remarks could hardly be said to be made to me—many of them would have been as appropriately addressed to his bedstead—but none the less, having formed the habit, it had become in some way helpful that I should register and interject. If I irritated him by a certain methodical slowness in my mentality, that irritation served only to make his own flame-like intuitions and impressions flash up the more vividly and swiftly. Such was my humble rôle in our alliance".

During the day, when no active occupation offered, Holmes smoked his pipe and meditated. With a case on hand, he also smoked and meditated. Sometimes—the picture is famous—he would sit for hours "curled up in the recesses of his shabby chair". Sometimes, in search of information, he "sat upon the floor like some strange Buddha, with crossed legs, the huge books all around him, and one open upon his knees". Obviously, the nature of the problem offered for his solution had an important bearing on his habits. Sometimes "a formidable array of bottles and test-tubes, with the pungent cleanly smell of hydrochloric acid" would tell the doctor—hastening in, himself, after a session with his patients—that he had "spent his day in the chemical work which was so dear to him". Sometimes, horizontal upon a couch, wrapped in a purple gown—"a pipe-rack within his reach upon the right, and a pile of crumpled morning papers . . . near at hand"—the doctor would discover him in rapt examination of a hat which was for the moment an intellectual problem.

There is a curious glamour in the most trivial passages between the two, a sense of significance—of impending revelation—perhaps not always justified by the detective's disclosure. It is part of Watson's charm that he sets down everything. One would not have it otherwise. The little triumphs that are no part or parcel of the tale are his habitual prolegomena; they are our glimpses of that private life they lived together, when only the reader's eye might spy them out. . . .

"Sherlock Holmes", one genuinely thrills to hear, "had been bending for a long time over a low-power microscope. Now he straightened himself up and looked round at me in triumph. 'It is glue, Watson,' said he. 'Unquestionably it is glue. Have a look at these scattered objects in the field!' "

Actively engaged upon a malodorous bit of brewing, "his long, thin back curved over a chemical vessel" and his head sunk upon his chest, the detective looked to Watson

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"like a strange, lank bird, with dull grey plumage and a black top-knot". There is no need to illustrate the scene. But this would be, of course, upon a day when Holmes had put on his dressing-gown of grey, instead of the more familiar purple horror. On the whole, the picture that Watson has most vividly conveyed is that of Holmes recumbent —languid yet somehow rigid in his chair, wreathed in the vapours from his favourite pipe. The favourite pipe, of course, being subject always to change; since nothing, as Holmes himself remarked, has more individuality than a pipe, "save perhaps watches and bootlaces". For every mood in Baker Street there was a pipe. One sees him still as Watson saw and described him in that last of all the series of adventures. . . . "Holmes lay with his gaunt figure stretched in his deep chair, his pipe curling forth slow wreaths of acrid tobacco, while his eyelids drooped over his eyes so lazily that he might almost have been asleep were it not that at any halt or questionable passage of my narrative they half lifted, and two grey eyes, as bright and keen as rapiers, transfixed me with their searching glance."

One notes with interest that Holmes's eyes were grey. It is the only record of their colour.

Occasionally, when the day was really fine, the friends walked in the streets, savouring the singular sights and sounds of London. Shop windows were of interest to them both, and passers-by absorbing. "The park"—some park or other—was close at hand, and it is of record that they sometimes strolled there. Watson's account of one such episode is subdued. . . . "The first faint shoots of green were breaking out upon the elms, and the sticky spearheads of the chestnuts were just beginning to burst into their five-fold leaves. For two hours we rambled about together, in silence for the most part, as befits two men who know each other intimately." But this diversion was not customary, since it encroached on office hours. And on the afternoon described they missed a client. "There had been a gentleman asking for them."

"Holmes glanced reproachfully at me," confesses Watson. "'So much for afternoon walks!' said he."

The afternoons then were spent in running down their cases—the detective's cases —not often strolling in the park. And for all his love of Baker Street, it may be noted, during the active progress of a case Holmes was quite capable of hiding out. It is an interesting revelation, frequently overlooked, that Watson makes in his account of the adventure called *Black Peter*. . . . "He had at least five small refuges in different parts of London in which he was able to change his personality." The reference is tantalizing and obscure. The rooms of Mycroft Holmes, opposite the Diogenes Club, would certainly be one of them; but it would be satisfying to know the others. At such times—when he was operating in disguise—Holmes sometimes took the name of "Captain Basil", the better to deceive his casual assistants and to deceive and confound his unsuspecting enemies. It may be assumed that in all of his five refuges he stored the materials of deception, as well as quantities of shag tobacco.

Not all of the detective's cases, though, drove him to his retreats or to his armchair. Sometimes for hours—once, certainly, for a whole day—he rambled about the living-room with knotted brows, his head upon his breast, charging and recharging his strongest pipe, and deaf to all of Watson's questionings. These were his bad days, when the trail was faint, and even Watson had failed him as a whetstone.

But it was to the papers that both invaria-

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bly returned. The everlasting, never-ceasing papers. Edition after edition of them was delivered at the rooms, probably by the stout and puffing Mrs. Hudson, who would have them from the urchin at the door. Not only Holmes but Watson saturated himself with the unending chronicle of news; and they read it—it must be admitted—with a surprisingly reckless acceptance of its accuracy. In America, Holmes would have taken *none* of the papers in. In America, the papers are for the credulous Watsons.

It is at night one likes them best, these curious companions. And preferably with a beating rain outside. If Stanley Hopkins has dropped in from Scotland Yard, no matter; their simple hospitality is as hearty as it is restrained and masculine. They did not always save the whisky for Stanley Hopkins. Themselves, occasionally, good fellows, they tippled companionably. And usually in the early morning hours, after a trying day with thug or cracksman. Whisky-and-soda and a bit of lemon. And all the credit gone to Scotland Yard. Midnight or very early in the morning—the time of relaxation and revelation, while the "undying flame" leaps on the hearth. Holmes lifts out a glowing cinder with the tongs, lights the long pipe of sprightly disputation. "You see, Watson," he patiently begins, "it was all perfectly obvious from the first. . . ."

In the long evenings, too, Holmes played his fiddle. Doubtless his bowing was not comparable to Neruda's, but it was good enough for Watson. "Sometimes the chords were sonorous and melancholy. Occasionally they were fantastic and cheerful. Clearly they reflected the thoughts which possessed him, but whether the music aided those thoughts, or whether the playing was simply the result of a whim or fancy", was more than Watson could determine. And when some haunting strain had charmed and soothed the doctor—moved him to ask the name of the composer—as like as not it would be something by Sherlock Holmes.

Then, of an evening in the depths of February, one fancies Watson questing another tale. Permission, perhaps, to reveal an untold problem—one of the many hinted and then withheld. The truth, perhaps, about the atrocious conduct of Colonel Upwood, or the peculiar persecution of John Vincent Harden. It is understandable that some reticence must be observed with reference to the sudden death of Cardinal Tosca—an investigation carried out at the personal request of His Holiness, the Pope—and in that delicate matter arranged by Holmes for the reigning family of Holland; but surely the time must be at hand, thinks Watson, for the full disclosure of facts in the Tankerville Club Scandal. That often he spoke of these to Holmes, there can be no doubt at all. Having half-promised his readers that he would some day tell them, his position may well have seemed to him embarrassing.

One sympathizes heartily with Watson. Too long has the world awaited the adventure of the Amateur Mendicant Society—which had a luxurious clubroom in the lower vault of a furniture warehouse—and the little problem of the Grosvenor Square Furniture Van. The case of Wilson, the Notorious Canary-Trainer, too, is a whisper full of fascinating suggestion; and one would give much to read the long-suppressed adventure of the Tired Captain.

Holmes, we may be certain, listened to some urgent argument on evenings when the doctor decided to consider his reading public. Frequently he chided the narrator for his literary shortcomings, pretending that the tales were sad affairs; but when he came to write two of them himself he changed his tune.

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One can imagine them in whimsical discussion of the *ifs* of their achievements—the *what ifs*, as it were, conducted *post mortem* upon their cases. As for instance, after the rocket-throwing episode in the amusing case of Irene Adler. It is impossible to read the tale without a bit of wonderment: what if the ingenious rocket had missed fire? Would not the whole planned sequence have gone agley? But Watson, although he may have faltered, never actually blundered. Holmes knew the qualities of his assistant. No case was ever lost by Watson's failure. And his reward—all that he ever asked or cared for—was an approving word or nod from Holmes. Did not he get them both, outside the record? During those nights in Baker Street, perhaps? After the problem had been solved forever—after the reader had put down the book?

How many matters of absorbing interest must then have been revealed! By means most dexterously disingenuous, Holmes managed a glimpse of Godfrey Staunton's telegram; and on the first attempt. Yet he had seven different schemes, he told the doctor, if one had failed. What were the other six?

How many, many questions must also have gone unanswered. Holmes was at times blood-brother to the Sphinx. There is a bit of dialogue that is in nearly all the tales. "You have a clue?" asks Watson eagerly. The answer is immortal. "It is a capital mistake, my dear Watson, to theorize before one has the facts." If one were called upon to find in literature the best inscription for a tombstone, it would be Holmes's cautious apophthegm. Watson should bargain for it on his grave. For Holmes's tombstone—"Elementary!"

But there can be no grave for Sherlock Holmes or Watson. . . . Shall they not always live in Baker Street? Are they not there this instant, as one writes? . . . Outside, the hansoms rattle through the rain, and Moriarty plans his latest devilry. Within, the sea-coal flames upon the hearth, and Holmes and Watson take their well-won ease. . . . So they still live for all that love them well: in a romantic chamber of the heart: in a nostalgic country of the mind: where it is always 1895.

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MARY AUSTIN, AMERICAN

by Louise Maunsell Field

OF ALL our modern writers, none is more completely and fundamentally American than Mary Austin. Descended from men and women of various nationalities—not only French and English and American pioneer but Indian as well—she has the pioneer's adventurous spirit, his willingness to suffer hardship and even meet it half way; the European's awareness of being a link in a long chain, his sophistication and knowledge of human nature; the Indian's poise, endurance, and control, his sense of rhythm and colour, the consciousness of the unity of man and nature which lies behind his religion. With these characteristics are mingled others derived from no one particular race or nation but shared to some extent by all: courage, the indomitable will which rejects any idea of resignation, believing that "life is essentially remediable, undefeatable", that no matter how difficult, hopeless even, a situation may appear, there is always something that can be done about it. Sympathy; a deep-rooted love of beauty; the quivering sense of things unseen, of the spiritual core at the very center of existence which makes her primarily a mystic. All these qualities, blended and harmonized, appear in the work and in the personality of Mary Austin.

Her autobiography, just published, takes its title from one of the many Indian poems she has so ably translated, *Earth Horizon* (Houghton, Mifflin. $4.00). Amply endowed with that "consciousness of self" which in some of us stands aside and critically regards the behaviour of the acting-self—a consciousness she calls "I-Mary"—she surveys her own history up to the present time, perceiving and analyzing the forces of heredity and circumstance as well as personality which at last wove her life into accord with its underlying pattern, a pattern of whose existence she has always been aware.

Mary Austin decided to write books as a very small child. When her father asked, "What kind?" the child replied largely, "All kinds". That childhood ambition has been to a great extent fulfilled, for Mrs. Austin has written novels and short stories, plays and poems, as well as those interpretations of the Indians and their country which constitute her most important contribution to literature and to thought. In her novels one feels that she is interested in the theme or the setting rather than in the characters, who are more important as illustrations or mouthpieces than as individuals. Take for instance her last novel, *Starry Adventure*. It contains no personality which lingers in the reader's memory, but the pen-pictures of New Mexico have a thrilling beauty not easily forgotten.

Different as they are in other ways, all her books reveal an exceptional sensitiveness to the charm of words and the rhythm of prose. Her novel *Outland*, a poem in prose, conveyed the mysteriousness of the forest, the haunting sense of unseen presences (a consciousness the Greeks translated into terms of oread and dryad), in a manner rivalled in modern times only by Algernon Black-

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wood. *The Man Jesus*, reissued under the title *A Small Town Man*, carried this power of transcribing the mystical still further, into high realms of the spirit. Yet mystic as she is and always has been, experiencing while still a child that consciousness of "earth and tree and wind-blown grass and the child in the midst of them being enclosed together in a warm lucid bubble of livingness" so superbly described in *Experiences Facing Death*, Mrs. Austin has her feet very firmly on the ground. She is living proof that an artist can have a sense of responsibility; her work has been done without ignoring ordinary human claims—the claims of parents, friends, husband, child. She has paid debts not her own. And she has been generous not only in those relationships it is now the fashion to despise, but in her work for the Indians, whose right to retain their ancient customs she has upheld in the face of official narrow-mindedness and stupidity.

That her influence in any cause she might choose to support would be great, no one who has ever met her could doubt for a moment. She has an extraordinary amount of that unanalyzable force we call personality. Calm, perfectly poised as a statue out of Egypt, her voice clear and low, her face somewhat square, with full-lipped mouth and straight-gazing eyes, wherever she happens to be, there is the center of the room. An eager group quickly gathers round her, sure of talk worth hearing. On Authors' Nights at the National Arts Club there are often many excellent speakers, but when Mary Austin can be persuaded to say something, hers is certain to be the speech of the evening. Yet this brilliant speaker may next day be transformed into an earnest hostess, absorbed in making things pleasant for her guests, or into the best of cooks. Mrs. Austin's cookery is famous among her friends; and once, in time of financial distress, she found a temporary haven through her skill in making pies.

Mrs. Austin was born in Illinois, whither her mother's family, of old Revolutionary stock, had migrated before the Civil War. At eighteen Mary went to California with her widowed mother and her two brothers; they settled in the Tejon district of the San Joaquin Valley. Since then, save for a comparatively short time in New York, her home has been in the Far West—first California, and now New Mexico. Intellectually curious, eager, responsive, with a cultural heritage described in detail in her autobiography, she was soon interested in the survivals of Spanish influence and in the ancient culture of the Indians, as well as in the modern sheepherders and the Indians of today. She began to study the customs and religions of Pueblo and Navajo, Paiute, Mojave, and other Indian tribes, to what good purpose readers of her books well know, especially the fascinating *Land of Journey's Ending*.

To say that Mary Austin is broad in her sympathies is no empty praise; she can write sympathetically of the sacred dances of the Indians, their poetry and culture, and then turn with equal understanding to that curious survival of mediaeval ideas, the Penitentes. She has made a careful study of early Christian prayer and of Catholic ritual, though she was brought up a Methodist and now stands outside organized religion. She can describe with insight the Paiute idea of prayer which she has to a great extent made her own, or the ambitions of the German-Jewish hunchback in whose hairshop under the Elevated she once worked. In Sante Fé, where she settled after living for a while in the famous literary colony at Carmel to which Jack London and George Sterling be-

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longed, she has been labouring to revive the Spanish Colonial arts. Such varied experience has made for an extraordinary range and richness in the personality of Mary Austin and in her books—most of all, perhaps, in *Earth Horizon*.

Mrs. Austin's reflections on her career enable her to present new interpretations of many aspects of the period in which she has lived. In the Middle-Western town where she grew up, she read "everything that other people in the eighties read, and a good deal more", though only Emerson, she declares, influenced her style. There she witnessed the passing of the early impulse towards aestheticism, symbolized for her by the "Whatnot"; there she met Frances Willard and was drawn by her very moral mother into the activities of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. It was not until after her marriage to Stafford Wallace Austin that Mary went to Inyo, the scene of her first and one of her best-known books, *The Land of Little Rain*. At Inyo she acquired the knowledge later woven into *The Ford* and *The Flock*, and studied the Indian poetry and folklore that she was to be one of the first to interpret to white people. So little was known of this Indian culture that when Mrs. Austin offered some of her translations of Indian poems to the *Century*, the editors thought them a hoax and refused to publish them unless she would admit that she had "made them up" herself!

Mrs. Austin's career has held very little of that heartbreaking struggle to obtain a hearing which has been the fate of so many writers whose work, like hers, is serious and does not shirk mysticism and philosophy. Her first two stories were accepted by the *Overland Monthly*; her first lengthy work, *The Land of Little Rain*, appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* and then in book form. Not that her way has been easy; her appeal has always been to the intelligent few. Mrs. Austin has, too, laboured under the handicap of almost incessant ill-health, which makes her accomplishment the more remarkable. I remember her telling me once how after years of study she wrote *The Man Jesus* at top speed—and was ill for weeks afterwards. But, she added, "It was worth it". The attitude of her family was unsympathetic; the birth of her child was the beginning of a tragedy on which she touches but lightly. Life has been no easier for her than for most of us, and she has never, as she says, "been taken care of". But to her has come the recompense of acknowledged achievement. For if the culture of the Indian, a culture indigenous to our country, is preserved instead of wantonly destroyed, it will be in great measure because of Mary Austin's generous fight against official obtuseness. Even if the battle should be lost, we shall have the record she herself has made so beautifully in her books. Moreover those books themselves, their beauty of style, their courage, their spiritual insight and richness of thought, have made a notable contribution to that all too small body of writing worthy to be called literature.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Quarrels of the Great

When one is merely a spectator of the quarrels of the great, the more violent the engagement the better the spectacle. The personal friends of D. H. Lawrence who have not yet taken sides in the great fray may well feel that his reputation is being butchered to make a Roman holiday, but the books of interpretation, of charge and counter-charge, make engrossing reading for bystanders. Mrs. Catherine Carswell's *The Savage Pilgrimage* is the latest entry. The battle waxed so bitter over it in England that it was withdrawn, but Harcourt, Brace has just issued a slightly amended version here ($2.75). A page-by-page comparison with the first English edition shows very few alterations; the book as it now stands may be less libelous in a court of law, but it is no more loving. Mrs. Carswell believes firmly, among other things, that Mr. Murry "failed" D. H. Lawrence. Whatever conclusions the reader may come to at the book's close, he will have had a glimpse at life among the artists such as has seldom been given us before. The Lawrences knew everyone, it appears, in literary London, and they are all here, their foibles seen with a penetrating eye and put down by an unsparing hand. Sidelights on J. Middleton Murry's *Son of Woman* and Mabel Dodge Luhan's *Lorenzo in Taos* are by no means all that the book has to offer. Mrs. Carswell knew the Lawrences intimately, liked and appreciated them both, and took them so entirely at their own estimate that her comments are, occasionally, more revealing than discreet.

There is, for instance, one episode in which Lawrence, in being utterly faithful to his conviction that women should be Women and men Men, appears as something more than quietly heroic. Frieda, it seems, could be "mindless Womanhood, wilful, defiant, disrespectful, argumentative, vengeful, sly. . . . At times she hated Lawrence and he her". On one of these occasions a quarrel had risen and, Lawrence somewhat naïvely felt, been finished. At any rate he began to sing. "His unconcerned roundelay . . . so wrought upon her that her wrath boiled up afresh. Down on his head she brought the dinner plate.

"It hurt him very much and might, of course, have injured him seriously. But he was as far from bearing Frieda a grudge as from turning the other cheek. 'That was like a woman!' said he turning on her viciously, but on this occasion too much astonished to strike back. 'No man could have done such a thing when the quarrel was over, and from behind too! But as you *are* a woman,' he added ruefully, 'you were right to do as you felt. It was only lucky you didn't kill me.'"

The immense volume of Lawrence's letters which Aldous Huxley has edited and the Viking Press issued here (*The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*. $5.00) shows Lawrence at his best, pouring out torrents of friendliness, advice, philosophy, and encouragement to an incredible number of people in both hemispheres. Always there recurs the invitation to those whom he really loves: the proposal

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that they and their dear ones and he and his should fly away together to found a little Utopia of honesty and neighbourliness—in Wales, in Italy, in New Mexico, in Old Mexico, in the foot-hills of Peru. A sneaking comprehension of Mr. Murry's dilemma, forever being asked to fly to happier climes and forever suspicious that no happier climes existed, does dawn upon the reader of these letters, even after being fully fortified by a reading of Mrs. Carswell's book. But if everyone does not come to his own conclusion about the squabbles which are now rending the firmament over the character and message of D. H. Lawrence, it need not be for any lack of fascinating books of reference.

Castaway

Dr. Johnson, who was certainly no enemy of learning, was aware that it has some disadvantages. "Supposing", he said, "a wife to be of a studious or argumentative turn, it would be very troublesome; for instance, if a woman should continually dwell upon the subject of the Arian heresy." However, if the scholar's learning is not continually dwelt upon but is unobtrusively available like the fairy tree which when gently approached showered down silver and gold, it can be of great aid and comfort to a whole neighbourhood. It is in this light, as appears from a story which we were recently told, that the Cape Cod people regard the learning of Jonathan Leonard of Sandwich. Mr. Leonard is the author of four interesting but neglected novels. *Back to Stay* was the first, a tale that he wrote for his own enjoyment, printed and bound with his own hands; a copy came into the possession of a New York publisher, and was brought out for the public. After this came *The Meddlers, Sympathetic to Bare Feet*, and, this year, *Trafton Helen*. Mr. Leonard's trade

Paul Cwojdzinski *Europa*

EDNA FERBER

photographed on her arrival in this country after a summer in Europe.

is teaching, but his hobby is languages, and he has the reputation, around Sandwich, of knowing quite a few of them. He is said, indeed, to have used the Mahabharata as a bed-time story for his children, translating aloud from the Sanskrit as he went.

One evening there appeared on the Leonard doorstep an Indian woman, one of the Cape Cod Wampanoag tribe. She had a large square package under her arm, and seemed to have walked a long distance. Mr. Leonard undid the wrappings and found a book. As he opened it gently, the woman explained that her husband, a light-house keeper, had found it, washed up by the sea. He couldn't read it, and she couldn't, and none of the Cape Cod people she had asked could read it; but they had told her to bring it to Jona-

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than Leonard: he could read anything. She waited stolidly. Then came the great disappointment. Leonard couldn't read it. It seemed to be Arabic, but he couldn't be sure.

He took it, however, to the Widener Library. The parchment pages were stained with sea-water, but still legible. The Harvard orientalists examined it, and found that it was indeed Arabic, but an obscure dialect which even they couldn't read. They deciphered enough to establish that it was either the Glorious Koran or a commentary on it, and there the matter rests.

It is a beautiful book and, from its condition, no doubt a treasured one. An Arabic name is written on the fly-leaf, but the owner has never been found. Probably we shall never know how, from where, by what strange chance it was carried to New England.

ROY CAMPBELL

The young poet from South Africa who is the subject of an article in this issue.

A Friend of Dickens

THE *Letters of Charles Dickens to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts* has just been brought out here by the firm of Dutton. It shows the Dickens who was more than half reformer, the Dickens who created Dotheboy's Hall, old Dorrit, Little Em'ly, in almost every letter. Lady Burdett-Coutts was a Lady Bountiful on the grand scale. The record of her benefactions covers pages of the biographical memoir contributed by the book's editor, Charles C. Osborne, who was her secretary for eleven years. The entire book shows her and Dickens as benign conspirators to better the state of the world in almost every imaginable way.

Miss Angela Georgina Burdett took the name of Burdett-Coutts on inheriting the fortune of her maternal grandfather, Thomas Coutts, founder of the famous banking house of Messrs. Coutts & Company, and from the moment of her inheritance she put her enormous fortune at the service of anyone or any organization which could prove just need. Mr. Osborne's memoir of her has more piety than humour. He lists the bishoprics she established, the schools she endowed, the homes for fallen women that she opened, her good work in the prevention of cruelty to children, and goes on in precisely the same tone to record that "The Baroness was President of the British Goat Society, and did much to encourage British Bee-Keeping". Nevertheless, the picture of an extraordinarily fine and generous woman emerges, and she had one good human foible to keep her well among the mortals. The Baroness would not learn to make out a check; with her connections in the firm of Coutts and Company she should not, she felt, be put to the trouble of the rank and file of mankind in filling out forms. She preferred to dash off an order on her bank-

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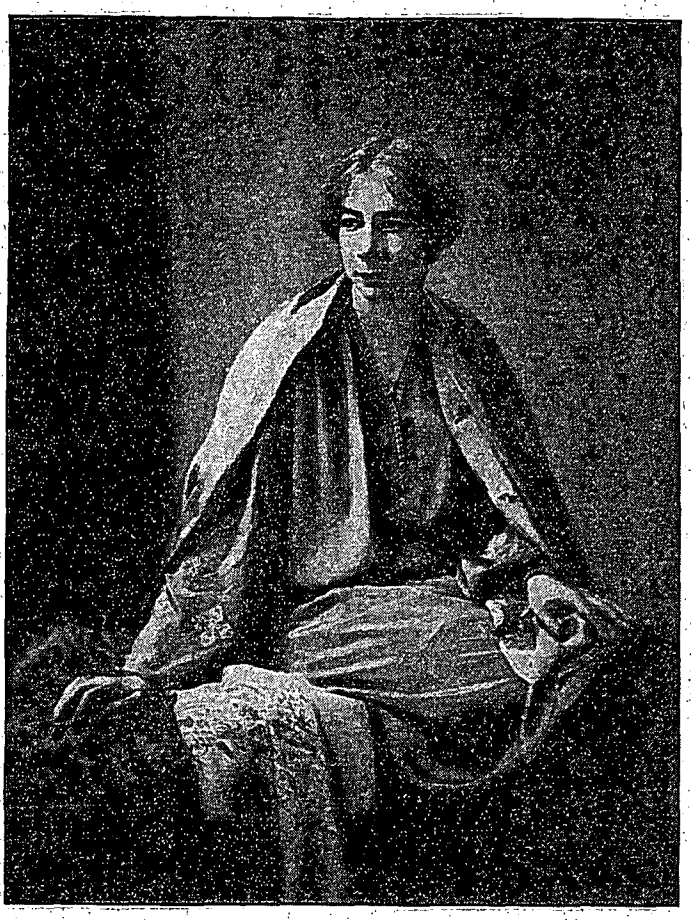

SARA TEASDALE

A new photograph, by E. O. Hoppé, of one of the most distinguished of American poets. Miss Teasdale has been for some time engaged on a life of Christina Rossetti, now nearing completion.

ers; but the day came on which they refused to honour her off-hand scribbles. It was a drawn battle; but Lady Burdett-Coutts saved her face, at least.

"Will you fill up these cheques for me?" she would ask her secretary; or, "Will you show me how to write these cheques, for I never know what to put". "And you knew," says Mr. Osborne, "from the delicate inflection of her voice, that there was a determination never to understand! To be made to use cheques was an infringement of her prerogative. . . . When no one was present to fill in the cheques, the Baroness serenely made out cheques in various amusing forms."

The first letter in the book is not serious, but touches on one of Dickens's delightful superstitions: ". . . New ideas for a story have come into my head as I lay on the ground," he wrote her on September 5, 1857, "with surprising force and brilliance. Last night, being quiet here, I noted them down in a little book I keep. When I went into the dining-room and mentioned what I had done they all called out 'Friday!' I was born on a Friday, and it is a most astonishing coincidence that I have never in my life, whatever projects I may have determined on otherwise—never begun a book, or done anything of importance to me, but it was on a Friday. I am certain to be brought around to Friday. It must have been on a Friday that I first

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dined with you. . . ." This superstition ran throughout Dickens's life. When he came to buy the long-desired home at Gads Hill, the final purchase was put off so that it could fall on his fortunate day.

The London Times

On the morning of Monday, October 3rd, the London *Times* appeared in a completely new typographic dress: a new type-face for the body matter, a newly designed main-head, and new title type throughout. Had this news been received without warning by a New York cable editor, he would have flashed back an astounded query such as might have been his response to the news that the British Empire and all its dominions had just been engulfed in an earthquake. In fact, however, the decision had been reached in leisurely fashion, as the culmination of three years of research and experimentation, and had been a subject of wide controversy in the British press for several weeks in advance.

The Times
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
JOHN LOCKE
A. E. W. MASON'S New Novel THE THREE GENTLEMEN

The Literary Supplement of the London "Times" in its old dress. In the next column, the new appearance.

THE TIMES
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
ANTHONY WOOD
THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE

The photographs which we present in these pages will give the reader a notion of the general effect of the—for the *Times*—revolutionary change, and we have included reproductions of the *Literary Supplement* in the belief that that excellent journal is perhaps better known than the daily *Times* in this country. It suffices to add that to bring about the change sixty new type-founts were designed; that 320,000 new linotype matrices and 40,000 new monotype patterns had to be produced; that the new body face is called "The *Times* 'New Roman'"; and that the differences which jump to the reader's eye

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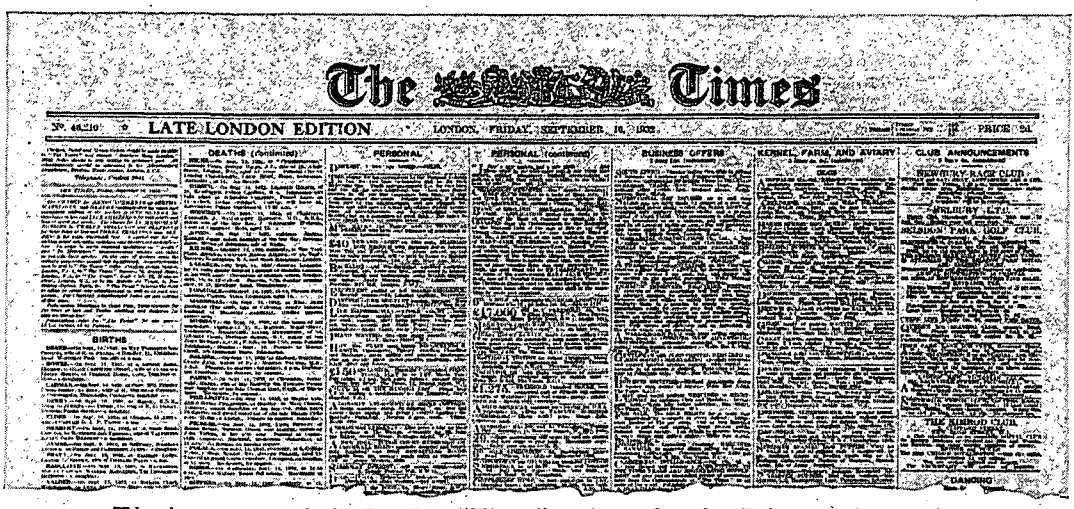

The Times
LATE LONDON EDITION
LONDON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1932
PRICE 3d.
DEATHS (Continued)
PERSONAL
PERSONAL (continued)
BUSINESS OFFERS
KENNEL, FARM, AND AVIARY
CLUB ANNOUNCEMENTS
BIRTHS
DANCING

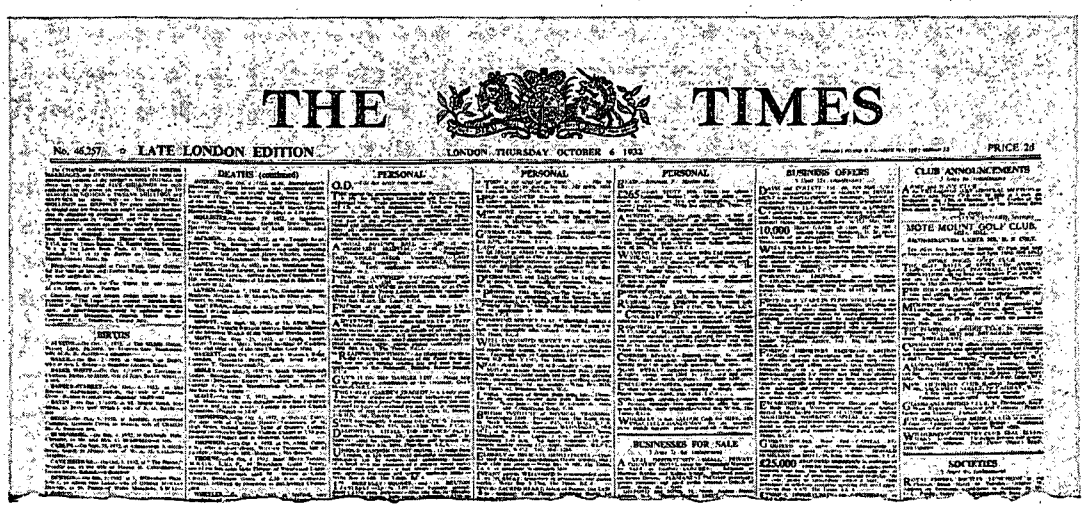
The front page of the London "Times" as it used to be. Below, as it now is.

are a much blacker letter in the text, titles which stand out far more clearly, and a general impression of increased style and smartness. So far as we can discover the number of words per column remains almost exactly the same. As for the prime question of readability—the *Times's* own chief justification of the change—there is matter for dispute; in our own opinion, once one becomes used to the new type it is distinctly more readable.

* * *

The chief pre-publication controversy over the *Times's* step concerned not so much the new body type as the change in the long familiar main-head, which many readers were loth to see go by the board; and the dispute centered around the designing of a new coat-of-arms to go with the Roman type of the title. "The present coat", wrote the *New Statesman and Nation*, "is a very depraved piece of work, but no worse than the simpering lion and the disgusted unicorn, both of obviously vegetable origin, which are to take its place. Why did not the *Times* ask Mr. Eric Gill to give it a new coat-of-arms?"

Next week Mr. Gill, who is one of Eng-


THE TIMES
No. 46257 LATE LONDON EDITION
LONDON, THURSDAY OCTOBER 6 1932
PRICE 2d
DEATHS (continued)
PERSONAL
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BUSINESSES FOR SALE
SOCIETIES

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land's ablest and the world's most independent-minded craftsmen, replied, in a letter which we feel is worth quoting, that the *Times* had asked him, but that he had refused the commission for the following reasons:

1. When you consider the nature of modern life, modern religion, politics, arts and manufactures it is clear that the mediaeval business of shields and emblems has no proper place. Such things have degenerated into either family or institutional snobbery or into sentimentality and blindness to the real state of things. The display of a coat-of-arms (or even a crest) today proclaims a romantic or a snob.

2. But because I don't want to be a prig, even in the cause of reason, I am quite willing to undertake the carving or engraving of heraldic devices, as a job and to order. Here a fresh set of difficulties arises. You cannot make a good pair of boots for a committee. The only thing you can make well when you are up against a group of varying minds is something measurable, something patient of statement in defined terms. How can you state or define the expression of a lion's nose? And it is just such things which make the difference between the living and the dead.

The success of an engraving depends upon the sensibility and good sense of the artist and upon his freedom (i.e., responsibility). When the artist is in the position to deal with a personal customer there is fair give and take. The needs of the one and the knowledge and sensibility of the other are more or less amicably combined. But when the customer is not a person and when, in addition, this impersonal customer wants something which the artist thinks rather silly and out of date, then the job had better be turned down.

In the case of the *Times* coat-of-arms there were too many people to be pleased and not enough reason for pleasing them.

The *Times's* own justification, given in the urbane and impeccable prose of a first-issue leader, was that the old pseudo-Gothic title type was neither beautiful in itself nor appropriate to the new body type; and that since the new main-head was a revival of the *Times's* Roman main-head of 1788, it could not stand with the Royal Arms of 1932, but required rather a revival of the Royal Arms of the period.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS
whose latest book, "The Haunted Mirror", a collection of stories, is reviewed in this issue.

The Hills and Valleys of Bath

No one catches the flavour of a past day as Miss Edith Sitwell does. *Bath,* the new book which Harrison Smith has just brought out here, should be read by everyone who ever fell under the enchantment of the eighteenth century, who ever loved Millamant or Evelina, or the charming little goose of a heroine in *Northanger Abbey.* It is a record of England's famous watering-place from the days

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EDITH SITWELL
from the painting by Guevara in the Tate Gallery, London.
© *National Galleries, London*

of its founding, and all the names that made the great century illustrious can be met in its pages, with anecdotes for each.

One of the most amusing things in this superlatively amusing study is "The Bath Address Book" which Miss Sitwell has compiled, in which it can be found that Miss Jane Austen stayed at 4 Sydney Place and later at 1 Gay Street; that James Boswell, Esqre, and the Great Man had rooms at the Pelican Inn, and that Oliver Goldsmith visited at the home of Viscount Clare. Mrs. Piozzi carried her salon with her to 8 Gay Street, and Horace Walpole was at home in Chapel Court.

No history of Bath could be written which would not be to a large extent a "life" of that astonishing martinet, Beau Nash, who loved the company of lords and ladies, but never failed to keep them well intimidated in his rôle of *arbiter elegantiarum*. He hated such informalities as the wearing of boots

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MARY AUSTIN AND DIEGO RIVERA
photographed at Cuernavaca, Mexico, where Rivera was painting the murals in the Hall of Justice. From "Earth Horizon", Mrs. Austin's autobiography.

and aprons and "when . . . the Duchess of Queensbury dared to defy him in this respect, and appeared at one of the public balls in a white apron which was made of point lace, and cost five hundred guineas, Beau Nash tore it from her, and threw it in the back benches among the ladies' maids".

But as always, when he appears at all, Dr. Johnson carries off most of the laurels. He was as difficult to please at a fashionable watering-place as at home in London. He did not like the game of *bouts rimés* (probably because the impromptu verses were usually bad), and held a grudge against the lady who introduced them. "Madame d'Arblay does, however, give her credit for good nature and the wish to be civil," says Miss Sitwell. "But neither of these qualities could appease Dr. Johnson who disapproved of the poetic contests, and said so, with his usual firmness. Mr. Boswell tried to stand up to him, but with the usual results".

The book is full of anecdotes, as redolent of their century as the contemporary prints —anecdotes of how Beau Nash was worsted by John Wesley, of the inducements by which Pope hoped to lure the Misses Blount to take the waters, of how duelling was brought to an end in England, and Gainsborough jumped to fame by painting the visiting beauties. As a culminating touch the publishers have bound a reproduction of the dust-jacket into the book, and it is fully worthy of the honour, with Miss Sitwell as a Muse floating on a rosy cloud upheld by cherubs over the hills and valleys of Bath.

The American Spectator

WE GREET a new contemporary in *The American Spectator*, a four-page newspaper-sized monthly edited by George Jean Nathan, Ernest Boyd, Theodore Dreiser, James Branch Cabell, and Eugene O'Neill. And we greet it with joy: a reading of the first number (November) opens the delightful vista of a monthly hour of mirth over the magazine's efforts to revive the dear dead days of 1915-1925: the days of Mencken, the *Smart Set*, defiant bohemianism, pseudo-sophistication, anti-Puritanism, belated aestheticism and Huxleyism, and all the other attitudes and formulas from that happy past. The editorial announcement provides the first laugh, by proclaiming that the magazine "has no policy in the common sense of the word". Obviously the board of editors

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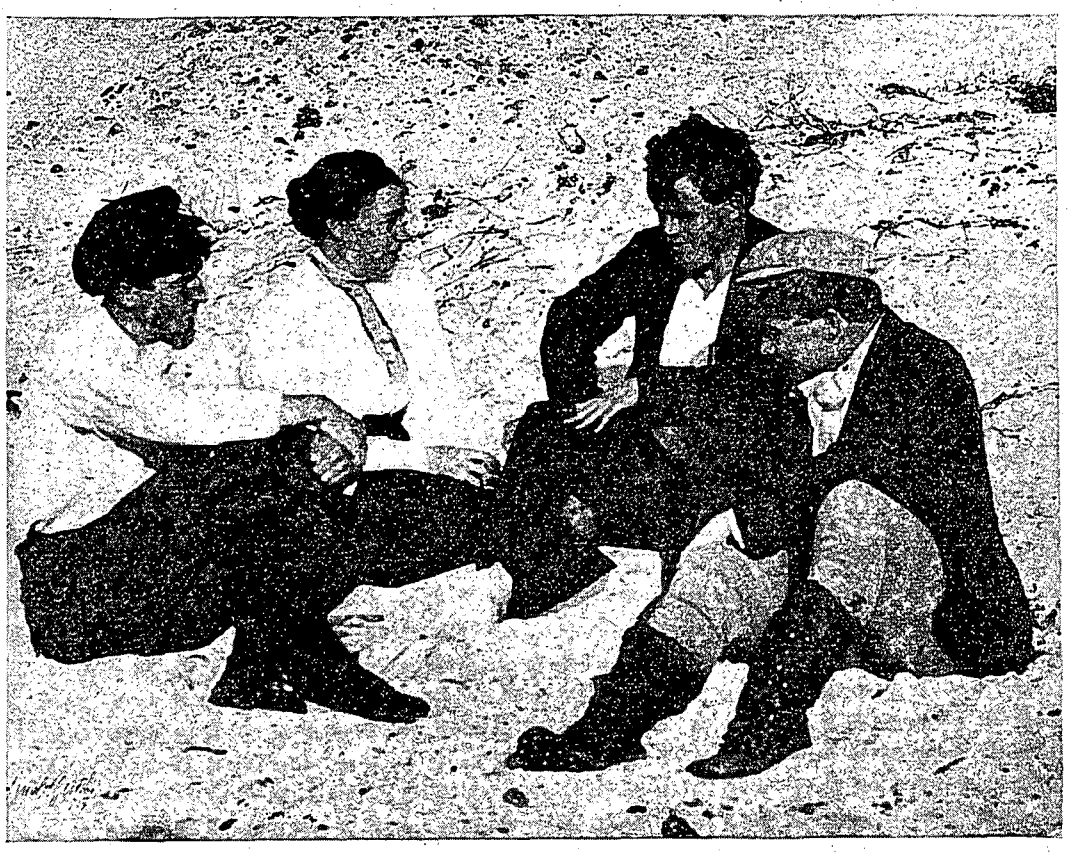

GEORGE STERLING, MARY AUSTIN, JACK LONDON, AND JAMES HOPPER

A picture taken at Carmel almost thirty years ago, when that California town had but a handful of houses and was just beginning its fame as a literary colony. From "Earth Horizon".

in itself constitutes a definite policy on which no one could possibly go wrong. The announced standards of "sincerity", "authenticity", "passion", "clarity", "vigor", "humor", etc., and the promise of "untrammeled expression of individual opinion, ignoring what is accepted . . . in favor of the unaccepted and misunderstood" are amusingly naïve. Who could doubt what will be considered unaccepted and misunderstood?

The position of honour in the first issue of *The American Spectator* is occupied by Havelock Ellis, the Saint of Sex, who sets the key of a ponderous discussion of The Physician and Sex with this hilarious sentence: "The subject of sex in its psychic and social bearings is so central, and of an importance now so widely recognized, if not indeed exaggerated, among the general public, that the medical man of today cannot fail to have it brought before him". Thereupon Editor Boyd steps up, resuming his familiar spray of centreless satire against everyone but the old Mencken group, and with his numerous allusions revealing once again his curious passion to demonstrate that he has read everything and understood nothing. A fellow Irishman, Liam O'Flaherty, contributes a frothing report on the state of the Old Country from which one gathers chiefly that he detests dung and the Catholic Church but is unable to distinguish between them.

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"LAWRENCE OF ARABIA"

T. E. Shaw, who has added to his exploits as soldier and author a translation of the "Odyssey".

Not only St. Havelock takes a bold sexual stand; Editor Nathan assails Broadway with the demand that women's rôles should be played by women and men's rôles by men, not by partial admixtures. Editor Cabell, too, draws on the spicy theme (or as he calls it, "this eternal stale theme"), protesting that in America the literary attitude toward sex has swung from "regarding the matter as undiscussable" to "a perfervid and defiant 'frankness' " without ever attaining the lofty attitude of "the upper classes" who, it seems, have always "spoken of sex as a mildly pleasant joke". It is good to learn that this is the way of true aristocrats and not, as one might have thought, merely a third distortion.

When Editor O'Neill reports his deep conviction that the use of masks will best enable dramatists to "express those profound hidden conflicts of the mind which the probings of psychology continue to disclose to us", we do not know whether to be more amused by the solution or by the problem. Clarence Darrow's offering is a timely warning: there is, it seems, an organization called the W.C.T.U. which is opposed to people drinking in comfort and is attempting to get the saloons closed by law. This seems to us a deplorable state of affairs, and we applaud Mr. Darrow's bold stand.

Joseph Wood Krutch contributes a puzzling article on "The Weakness of American Criticism". Puzzling because he seems to think it worth while to attack seriously those who announce every so often that America is at last coming of age or that the Great American Novel or the Great American Critic is here, and shift from humanism to communism (if indeed the last has ever happened). Puzzling also is Mr. Krutch's pride in being oblivious to humanism and communism—that is, to the only two vital currents of thought in our time. Puzzling that he should endeavour to give his parochialism a cosmopolitan background by asserting that in Europe, particularly in Paris, the insurgents of the Left and of the Right receive *less* attention than they do in this country. Where, one tries to imagine, does Mr. Krutch hide himself away when in Paris, and with whom does he consort? Puzzling, again, that Mr. Krutch should say "Ten years ago Mr. Van Wyck Brooks was pretty generally regarded as the most significant American critic", and then think it funny that the same kind of person came to feel the same way about Lewis Mumford and Edmund Wilson in turn. In reality, of course, those critics have been generally regarded merely as the weird objects of admiration of

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the eccentric few—slipping from bad to worse, besides. And puzzling, finally, is Mr. Krutch's observation that "the men who have actually exerted the greatest influence over American literary taste during the past quarter of a century are the men who have . . . consistently and continuously written from one point of view"—puzzling because it seems to apply to nobody but the leaders of the humanists, Babbitt and More. Oh, to be sure, there is always Santayana. But it is not always easy to remember Santayana.

Van Wyck Brooks is represented in *The American Spectator* by a sheaf of characteristically pompous platitudes and invalid generalizations; he draws on Cowper, Melville, Vernon Lee, *Gil Blas*, and André Gide to back up his daring opinion that writers should not fail to be intelligible. Another article is a grimly serious account of the *Drosophila* fly and the great number of variations it is being made to breed in the laboratory. We remember that an early number of *The American Mercury* carried an article on the same subject, but just why this unstable fly so excites the interest of certain of our literary men still eludes us.

We ought not to omit the fact that *The American Spectator* also contains one intentionally funny piece, a parody by Ring Lardner of Mayor Walker's testimony on the stand. But even Lardner failed to amuse us as much as the rest; and he didn't come within miles of Editor Dreiser's uproarious sermon, "The Day of Surfeit". We cannot forbear quoting the opening paragraph:

> This is the day of surfeit. Surfeit not only of numbers but of variants of notions or ideas of life, no one of which has the least reality or ultimate import. I refer to various brands and styles of philosophy, religion, social and political beliefs, to say nothing of ideas of duty, honour, responsibility, what you will. Immense and increasing numbers of people have made for immense and increasing numbers of notions, pro and con, and all their moods and struggles and wars, which have at last produced in almost all over the age of fifteen or sixteen a sense of meaningless and almost tideless mass that reduces individuality to impossibility and achievement to a dull result of average competition. Almost of so-called civilization—races, nations, states—one might cry, as we do in games at times, "Wipe the slate and start all over!"

Paul Cwojdzinski *Europa*

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT
on his departure for Europe last month.

An Hour with Virginia Woolf

"Won't you come into my parlor?" beckons Mrs. Woolf. For a moment or two we hesitate before stepping across her threshold. Will she, we wonder, again try to weave a web of words around us, as she did in *Orlando* and *To the Lighthouse*? We enter

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warily, but her cordiality finally disarms us, and, almost completely won, we prepare ourselves for what she has to say. But as we sit, not quite convinced, on the edge of our chair, we ask ourselves: what manner of critic is this who can chat so amiably of this author, of that book; who invests whatever she says with the gusto and sensitiveness of her own personality? What has happened to the usual distance that Authority maintains? Where are the frigidities of yesteryear?

But Mrs. Woolf, with wonted penetration, has set about to remove our suspicions. "How far", she is saying [all this occurs in *The Second Common Reader* (Harcourt, Brace. $3.50)], "is a book influenced by its writer's life? . . . How far shall we resist or give way to the sympathies and antipathies that the man himself rouses in us?" A writer's life, she assures us, influences his book to such an extent that the best understanding of it comes through a familiarity with the author. The Elizabethans, for instance, could not write prose, because their age was essentially dramatic; their pages were "clogged with sound" because they wrote to be heard. "The amplifications and the repetitions, the emphasis like that of a fist pounding the edge of a pulpit, are for the benefit of the slow and sensual ear". As for Donne, the circumstances of his life—his secret marriage as a "very poor yet a very ambitious man"; the necessity of conciliating great ladies; his relation to the Countess of Bedford; the ebullitions of his nature—had a decided effect upon the several stages in his poetry. Again, Defoe's middle-class origin in part at least enabled him to tell the truth as it appeared to him; "he comes in the end to make common actions dignified and common objects beautiful". Public opinion—public shock—after the appearance of *Tristram Shandy* had an unfortunate influence upon *A Sentimental Journey*; for in deference to that shock Sterne never allows us to forget throughout his *Journey* that he is "above all things sensitive, sympathetic, humane. . . . And directly a writer sets out to prove himself this or that our suspicions are aroused". Would Mary Wollstonecraft have written her works (she had intended to write a book to be called *The Wrongs of Women*) had her life been less of an emotional upheaval and frustration? And having taken for granted that her point here has been won, Virginia Woolf proceeds to analyses of Meredith and Hardy.

Then it occurs to you that she is doing now precisely what she does with her fiction. She pokes about into the life of this man or that, finds a thread here, a note there, discovers what some great man's sister thought of him, or how he ordered the chaos of Monday or Tuesday, and reconstructs them into a concept. These men and women of the past she regards as personalities whom she invests with human qualities that give them meaning and fulness. Of Hardy she says: "It is a vision of the world and of man's lot as they revealed themselves to a powerful imagination, a profound and poetic genius, a gentle and humane soul"; and does this not apply to her? As she discourses of those figures who have become fused more or less indiscriminately with all other things of the past, we marvel at the gift that can recreate men out of minutiæ. But more than that, we respect the genius that can seem to be so casual and that must actually have taken hours of research in the British Museum.

By this time we are leaning back in our chair, thoroughly at our ease. The atmosphere is cosy, the critic's voice is musical. A sensuous critic? A gracious critic? Virginia Woolf respects the senses, and caters to her

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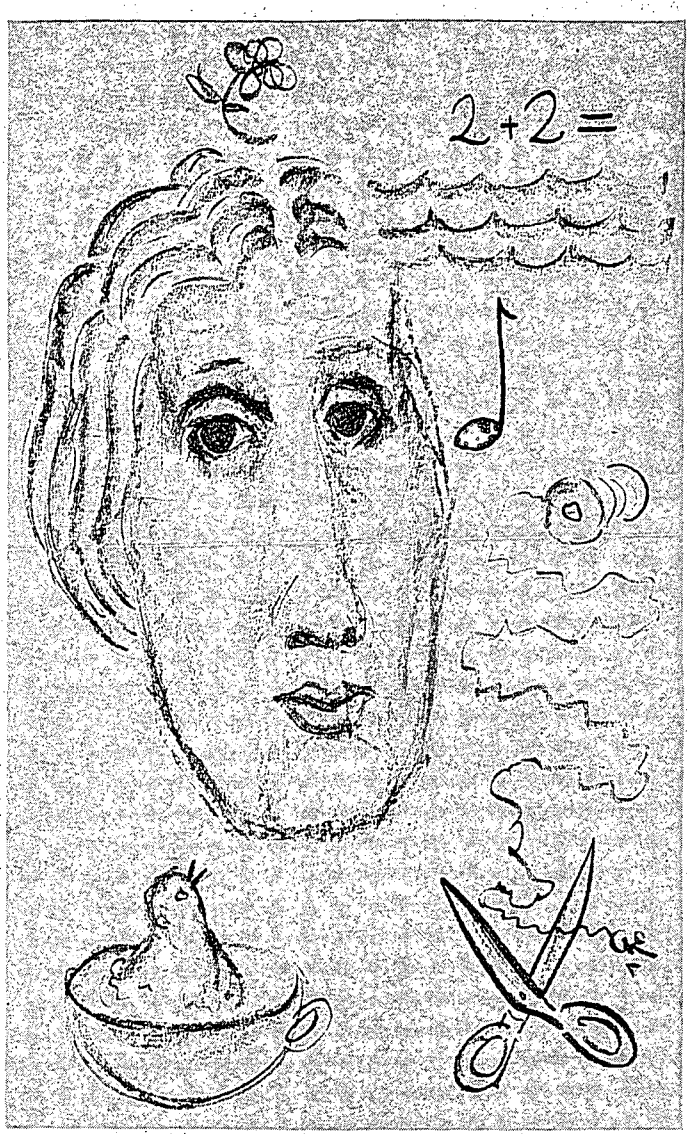

MRS. WOOLF PLANS A NOVEL
A caricature by A. E. Fisher.

listeners. She respects the graces, although she knows they are no more significant than the buttons on a bobby's coat. But she will not lull our senses into inattention. She directs us to regard a certain house—we can see it through her window—in St. Martin Street. There, she is saying, "the party was given in 1777 or 1778. . . . Fanny Burney, from whom we get much of our information, was accordingly either twenty-five or twenty-six". She is starting in the middle again, we reflect. But before long, we are amazed to discover how accurately she has placed that middle. She is talking about a party; but in the course of the tale there are remarkable portraits of Fanny Burney, of Dr. Johnson booming out his disapproval, of the Grevilles and Mrs. Thrale. It is as well-ordered as a Mozart symphony, formed with lightness, wit, and subtlety, with a phrase here and there that no one who has the least sensitivity of ear can possibly forget.

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J. M. BARRIE

A new photograph. His little book "Farewell, Miss Julie Logan", will doubtless be included in many Christmas packages.

It is all too delightful to leave. Something she has said, however, recurs to us as we turn to go: "In masterpieces—books that is, where the vision is clear and order has been achieved . . . our vanity is injured because our own order is upset; we are afraid because our old supports are being wrenched from us; and we are bored—for what pleasure or amusement can be plucked from a brand new idea?" Now, we have most decidedly not been bored. Her tone is new and fresh; she does not talk to us from the lecture platform—what of her ideas, are they brand new? Perhaps not. But as we leave her room, so entirely Mrs. Woolf's own, it is with the realization that only there have we today the counterpart of Elizabethan inns, of Will's Coffee-House, of the attic of the Lambs'.

Hugh Kingsmill

In Alec Waugh's summing up of the period between the end of the War and England's going off the gold standard, published here by Farrar & Rinehart under the title of *Thirteen Such Years*, we find a number of engaging facts about Hugh Kingsmill, one of The Bookman's favourite contributors. He and Waugh met in a German prison camp. A few of the English prisoners formed a Future Career Society, and "to authors, architects and other students it allotted a minute room called The Alcove".

"He [Kingsmill] certainly has genius," Mr. Waugh writes. "I have never liked a man so much. I have never been so stimulated by any company. He is like the sun shining on you. You become happy. . . . You talk well. He has the supreme gift in personal contact not only of entertaining you but making you entertain him. . . . He is Rabelaisian. He envelops you with warmth and friendliness.

" . . . He usually appeared in The Alcove at about ten o'clock. . . . Nature had endowed him with generous proportions, and he accentuated the natural roll of his gait by his strange footwear. A pair of field boots had been abbreviated into shoes by the camp cobbler. . . . To keep them on his feet as he walked he had to resort to a straddle that was one of the features of camp life."

As to Mr. Kingsmill's way of working, that must have altered within the decade, for Mr. Waugh goes on to say: "Every writer has his own particular foible. Kingsmill's was his accuracy in gauging the exact number of words he had written. Most writers are content if they take that much trouble to add up the number of lines in a page, and then find the

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average number of words in a line and multiply. But Kingsmill scorned such slipshod methods.

". . . His precision, that contrasted so curiously with his clumsiness of appearance and manner, was a mania with him. So much so, in fact, that he used to embark on long discussions as to the derivation of amalgamated words, as to whether 'lunch-time' should count as one or two. For his rough draft he kept beside him a small slip of paper, on which at the end of each sentence he used to make mathematical calculations, that reminded me of school cricket, the scoring box, and the attempt to keep level with the tens.

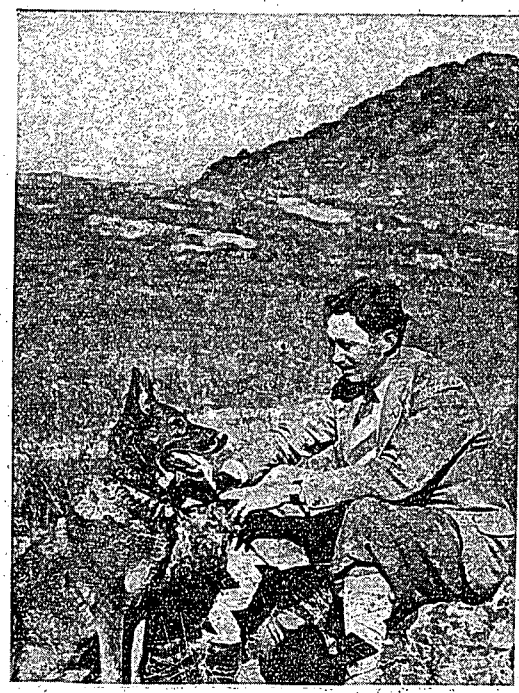
"Correction involved much labour. At the end of the sentence he might have noted down 277 words. Then he would revise; half a clause consisting of eight words would be omitted; on the slip of paper down went 269. Then a celibate noun called for an adjectival mate, the 270 was hoisted amid applause. It was an amusing game, but it took up a great deal of time. Very rarely did he produce more than 400 words as the result of three hours' work, and his absolute maximum for a day was 1100.

"'All great men work slowly,' he said. 'Flaubert took seven years over *Madame Bovary*, and I shall take only a year over this.'"

Enough of Novelists

On the general theme "Old arts lie dying", another of Mr. Squire's corps of brilliant—and perhaps pseudonymous?—satirical poets has done a "Satiric Preface to a Film" in a recent *London Mercury*. We quote that portion which is concerned with the obsolescence of the novel.

O shameless age of mine that dares acclaim
A man like Evelyn Waugh and give him fame.
Even to satire Waugh no lustre adds,



JOHN JOSEPH MATHEWS
author of "Wah'Kon-Tah", the popular study of Osage Indian life.

Painting his aristocracy of cads.
Let his friends laugh whose portraits he has done,
I cannot join in such degrading fun.
If such ignoble figures move to laughter,
What form will sense of humour take hereafter?
Well may his nib the stoutest hearts appall,
Since its first travail spawned Decline and Fall.
Yet his Vile Bodies let us thrust aside,
There is a better puppet to deride.
'Tis Firbank, who in Spanish churches toys
With skirts of Cardinals and hams of boys.
Cambridge encouraged him to pride in pose,
For Cambridge loves to lead men by the nose;
And still perhaps the Cambridge aesthetes gloat
Upon the imbecilities he wrote.
But I am bored to hear men write with awe
Of his poor trivial gestures they once saw.
Here I would mention one, who will not fly
(He wallows in the journalistic I),
From an attempt to touch him with a shaft.
Beverley Nichols needs my boldest craft,
For his conceit is greater e'en than mine,

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Since at the age of twenty eight or nine
In the crude claptrap of the Daily Mail
He flaunts himself (though with a view to sale),
His style reminds me of a half-caste child,
For half is Rupert Brooke, half Oscar Wilde.
Then there's that other modish gentleman
Pronounced (who knows!) but spelt, Konjoundjian
Or Mr. Michael Arlen as Who's Who
Styles him I think since 1922.
Suckled in Roustchouk, settling in Mayfair,
Arlen armenianises Berkeley Square.
For art, is it, he does this dubious favour,
A British square with a Bulgarian flavour?
Or artfully done to masquerade the adder
That hissed him on to scale the social ladder?
Now Joyce acclaimed his heart's ecstatic fire
First with wild music and wide-winged desire
Heaven itself, it seemed, his wings might sweep,
Nor, waxen, melt and pitch him in the deep.
And yet, where has his inspiration led him?
The answer's plain enough to those who've read him,
Vast are the heavens, sweet the star-strewn skies,
Yet there Joyce finds no place to rest his eyes;
Down in Ulysses' loins he dives to dwell,
To couch with Anna Livia Plurabelle.
And what bad imp perched grimly on the pen
Of him who best depicted bull-like men
With sappy muscles and defective brains
And potencies unfailing as our rains?
(I was not much provoked till latterly
Mellors encountered Lady Chatterly! . . .)
S'truth, Lawrence (son of woman!), 'tis unkind
To mock the body, as you mocked the mind;
Yet no ennobling figures fill your themes,
Your books betray the stuff of Freudian dreams,
Wherein as Oedipus you lift your face,
Or, sex-obsessed, the heroine's part embrace.
And from another vice the good man starts;
The best brains now disclose the meanest hearts.
From great men all great-heartedness has fled,
(Of lion heart the last was Birkenhead).
Great Aldous Huxley with his mortal coils
Serpent-like either strangles or despoils.
On our scant Eden turns his livid looks
Till Eve and Adam writhe to buy his books.
—A triumph modern technique works so well;
Poor Satan never saw his apple sell—
Still deadlier sales he'd boast among the mass
Smacked not his thought so pungently of gas.

The *Mercury* satirist, having disposed of poets, novelists, dramatists, and the opera, then proceeds to a semi-serious eulogy of the potentialities of the film. He signs himself, by the way, Villiers David, a name which does not yield to ordinary reference books.

In the Bookman Twenty-five Years Ago

[*December, 1907, Number*]

New Books Reviewed: *Love of Life and Other Stories* by Jack London . . . *Margaret* by Rider Haggard . . . *Money Magic* by Hamlin Garland . . . *Done up in Lavender* by Stanley Weyman.

Among the Advertisements: Placidly sweet, full of sentiment, with an occasional gratifying glimpse into the robuster life of the studio—*The Romance of an Old-fashioned Gentleman* by F. Hopkinson Smith . . . *Lippincott's Magazine* for December contains an exquisite, artistic, musical novel, complete . . . Reported among the six best sellers from Boston to San Francisco—*The Belovèd Vagabond* by William J. Locke . . . A brilliant year of *The Century Magazine*—short stories by May Sinclair, Jack London, Hamlin Garland, Barton W. Currie . . . With the swift spirit of love and swords—*Gallantry* by James Branch Cabell.

Best Blurb: *Mother* by Owen Wister—New York of the present day is the background for a pretty love story, rudely interrupted by a disastrous speculation in Wall Street which the hero undertakes in order to get money enough to marry his fiancée. An unscrupulous broker induces him to buy as investment certain stocks upon representations by the broker that he had bought the same stocks for "mother". He loses all, and it is only after trial and disappointment that the lovers are finally happily united.

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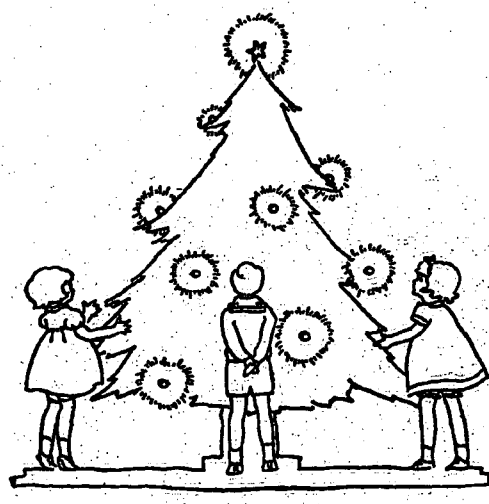
The Day of Days Is Here!



From *The Little Red Chair* by Marian Walker; illustrations by Gretchen Ostrander Murray (Macmillan. $2.00)

The Bookman's Guide to Gift Books for Young People

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The Day of Days Is Here!

By Nancy Evans

THE children's day of days is upon us: which means that parents and uncles and aunts and mere outsiders must begin at once their pleasant task of choosing this year's books for the children's Christmas. In selecting from the fall lists of the publishers the books which are grouped on the following pages, utility has been my chief aim; and my comments are intended not for enthusiasts like myself, but for those who, going into bookstores uninformed, must find particular books for very particular young readers and are only too well aware of the cold and crushing indifference that will be their reward if their choice is wrong.

I cannot resist prefacing this guide to the newest books for children, however, with a few titles from what I have come to call my Library of Modern Juvenile Classics. All of them have been published since 1920, and each succeeding year has added a proven title or two. Among them are Van Loon's *The Story of Mankind*, Helen Bannerman's *Little Black Sambo*, Wanda Gag's *Millions of Cats*, Anne Parrish's *Floating Island*, Hugh Lofting's *The Story of Doctor Doolittle*—to name only a few. Such books now form a necessary part of anyone's permanent children's library. Will the present season add new titles? Without doubt, for it contains much that is high in quality. But exactly which ones will turn up next year as part of the Permanent Library I hesitate to predict; upon such a signal honour this year's children must themselves decide.

(Top) From *Michael Who Missed His Train* by Dorothy and Marguerite Bryan (Doubleday, Doran. $1.00)
(Right and left) From *What Whiskers Did* by Ruth Carroll (Macmillan. $1.25)

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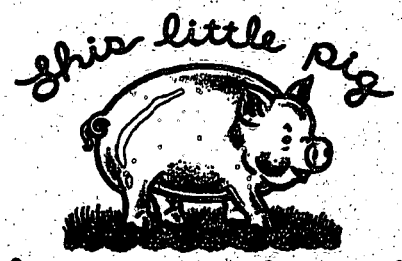


UP TO SIX: The Nursery Age

SALLY AND HER FRIENDS: How They Played with Peggy and Peter *by Lena Towsley* (Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50)

Here is realism for the very young. Infants like the photographs of Peggy and her brother and the baby and the dogs and kittens because they seem alive. The perfect picture-book for the two-year-old.

THIS LITTLE PIG *by Helen and Alf Evers* (Farrar & Rinehart. $1.00)

This little pig did not go to market, but he went out into the world in search of a straight tail. His adventure is told very simply with a few words and frolicsome pictures.

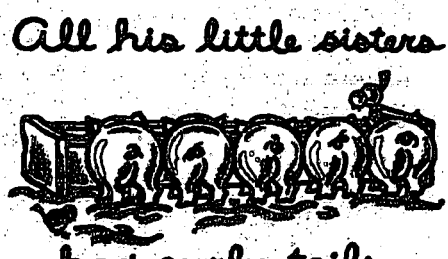
THE LITTLE RED CHAIR *by Marian Tyler, pictures by Gretchen Murray* (Macmillan. $1.75)

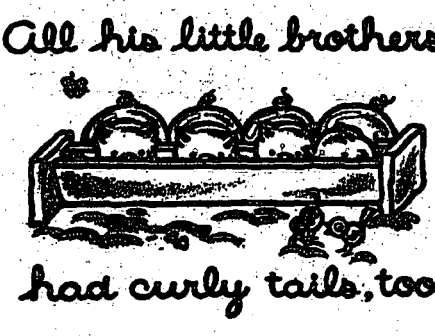
Rain and red chairs and black cats and going-out-for-a-walk are exciting to a child of three; and here are stories about other children with the same experiences, living in the same extraordinary world. The author is well known in the preschool field.

MICHAEL WHO MISSED HIS TRAIN *by Dorothy and Marguerite Bryan* (Doubleday, Doran. $1.00)

Michael is a Sealyham with small spots on his ears. He arrives in a wooden box and he is a problem puppy until he

Illustrations from *This Little Pig* by Helen and Alf Evers (Farrar & Rinehart. $1.00)





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Illustrations from *Nicodemus and His Little Sister* by Ines Hogan (Dutton. $1.00)

decides his future by missing the train that was to take him back to Boston.

JOHNNY GOES TO THE FAIR *by Lois Lenski* (Minton, Balch. $2.00)

The comic-strip is transposed into a picture-book in this account of a boy and his pig at the fair. They ride on the ferris-wheel and, of course, pig wins a blue ribbon.

WHAT WHISKERS DID: A Story Without Words *by Ruth Carroll* (Macmillan. $1.25)

Soft crayon drawings tell the tale of another scottie who cannot resist the unknown. Like Alice he runs down a rabbit-hole and discovers a scottie wonderland. The picture of Whiskers playing blind-man's-buff with the young rabbits is a perfect climax.

NICODEMUS AND HIS LITTLE SISTER *told and illustrated by Inez Hogan* (Dutton. $1.00)

Nicodemus means well in his pickaninny way, but dreadful things happen before he learns "never, never to let go of his little sister's hand".

ANGUS LOST *by Marjorie Flack* (Doubleday, Doran. $1.00)

Those who read *Angus and the Ducks* or *Angus and the Cat* know that this inquisitive scottie was certain to slip through the gate and down the road before very long.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE YELLOW DOG AND A LITTLE WHITE BEAR *by Dorothy Sherrill* (Farrar & Rinehart. $1.00)

A teddy-bear and a long-eared dog take a holiday at the seashore. This make-believe of animals behaving like children has some of the charm of the Beatrix Potter stories.

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FIFTY-ONE NEW NURSERY RHYMES *by Rose Fyleman, illustrated by Dorothy Burroughes* (Doubleday, Doran. $2.00)

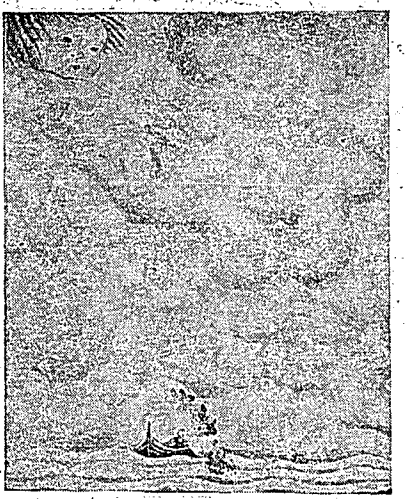
These verses should be to the six-year-old what Ogden Nash's nonsense verses are to the younger generation. Try to find an amusing rhyme for rabbit and you will appreciate the author's skill.

GENERAL GEORGE THE GREAT *by Sadyebeth and Anson Lowitz* (Long & Smith. $1.50)

Biography for the nursery! And the amazing thing is that the episode of the cherry tree is not even mentioned.

THE LION AND THE OX: An Old Arabian Folk Tale *illustrated by Vladimir Lebedev* (Macmillan. $1.25)

Anyone who sees the lion and the ox lying, head to pensive head, on the cover of this book will want to know more about them. *The Lion and the Ox* is a little Sanscrit gem which has come to us through Arabian and Russian and which Vladimir Lebedev has made into one of the distinguished books of the year.



THE MUSICAL BOX *by Clare Leighton* (Longmans, Green. $3.00)

To all appearances it is just a quaint French town under glass, but when the spring is wound, the chimes ring and the people have a life of their own. The artist-author has illustrated many fine editions for older readers.

ONE LITTLE INDIAN BOY *by Emma L. Brock* (Knopf. $2.00)

Here is the day in the life of Skipping-in-the-morning when he climbed down the ladder from the pueblo because he wanted some lollipops. Only a person who knows Taos and New Mexico could have done this child in Indian dress.

JEMMIE, THE KITTEN FROM MAINE *by Eleanor Wheeler, illustrated by Marjorie Flack* (Smith & Haas. $1.75)

When Jemmie returns to his mother in Maine after an interlude in New York, he is a sadder and a wiser kitten. This is the story of a kitten's coming-of-age.

"Let us see if we can catch that hare."

A LITTLE BOY WAS DRAWING *text and pictures by Roger Duvoisin* (Scribner's. $2.00)

The story of Tom's visit to the Land of Wonders where his painted mice and cats and

Illustrations from *Ola* by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire (Doubleday, Doran. $2.00)

And
with his down,
his fish,
and his codliver oil
Ola boarded the ship
and sailed homeward.

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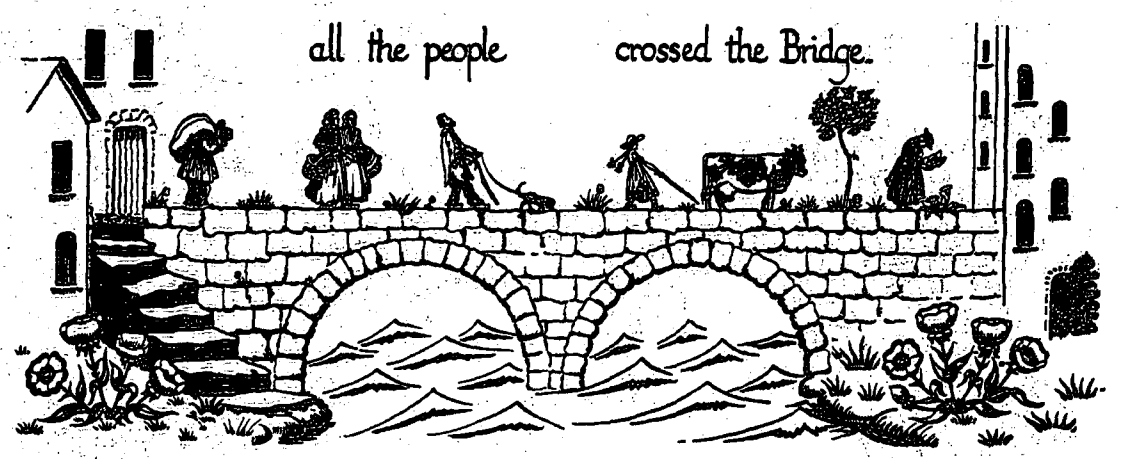


people are alive is one of those imaginative books which come only every so often. The pictures are vivid and exactly like the "primitive" art a child turns out on a rainy afternoon with his paint-box.

HUMBO THE HIPPO AND LITTLE-BOY-BUMBO *story and drawings by Erick Berry.* (Harpers. $1.50)

The crinkly, pink baby hippopotamus, Humbo, takes part in a banana hunt with a jungle child who is closely related to the famous Little Black Sambo.

(Top) From *The Musical Box* by Clare Leighton (Longmans. $3.00) *(Above and below)* From *A Little Boy Was Drawing* by Roger Duvoisin (Scribner's. $2.00)

OLA *by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire* (Doubleday, Doran. $2.00)

The beautiful lithograph of the Northern Lights at the beginning of the book is one's introduction to Ola's world. He falls over a bank while chasing a rabbit on skis and he has other boy experiences, but his story is told with so much beauty of colour and line that he becomes a unique little hero.

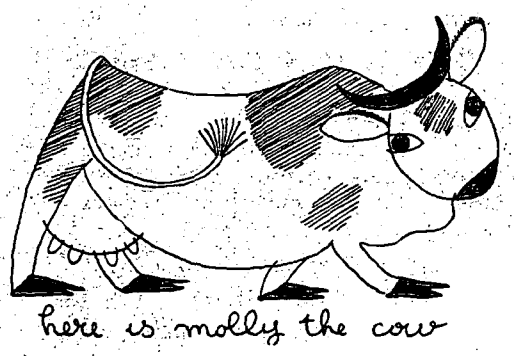
NINE TO ELEVEN

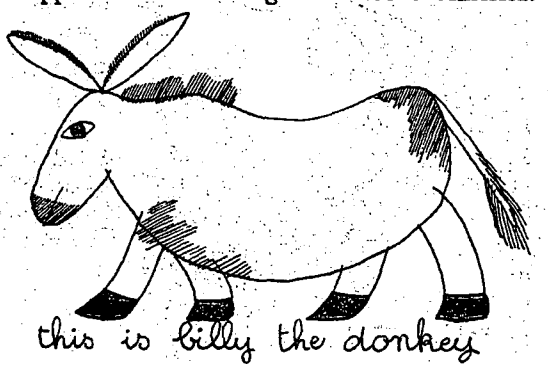
THE CHRISTMAS TREE IN THE WOODS *by Susan Smith, illustrated by Helen Sewell* (Minton, Balch. $2.00)

Mark and Margot had a Maine Christmas. They went into the woods where the fir trees "stood like great white birds sleeping with their heads under their wings". One of the trees is decorated, and when the family is singing carols beneath its branches, a mystery occurs. This will be enjoyed by the entire family.

JERRY AND THE PUSA *written and illustrated by Eleanor Frances Lattimore* (Harcourt, Brace. $2.00)

What would you do if you were an American boy living in a Chinese mission and wanted to visit your own country? Jerry decided to dig a hole through to the other side. He found an old idol in the ground and so many things happened that he forgot all about America.





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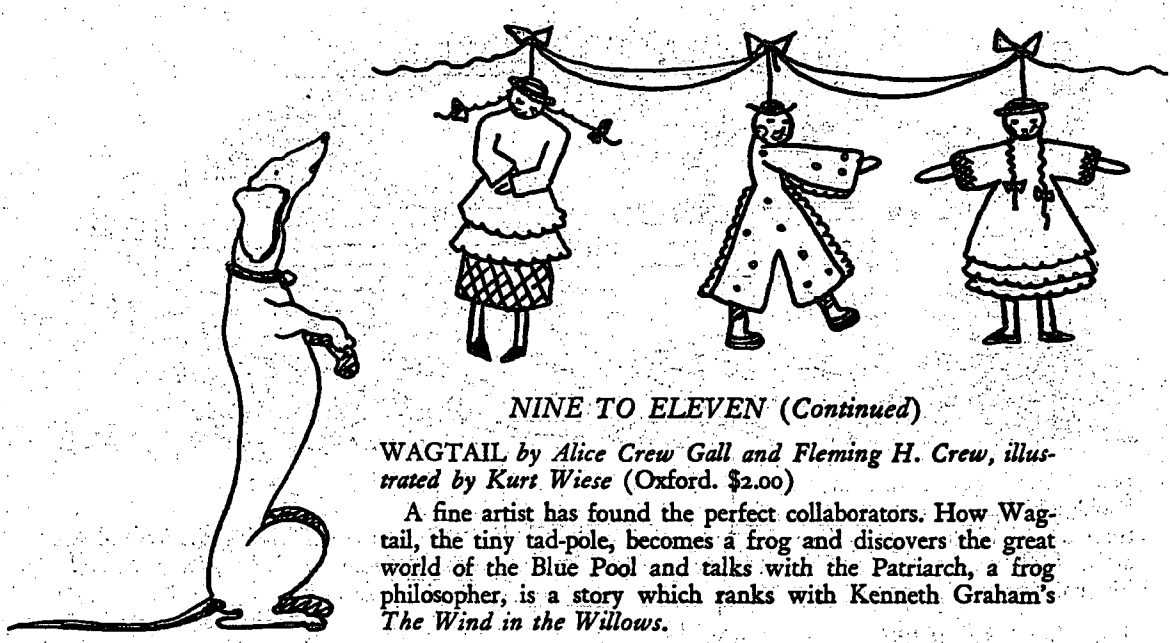
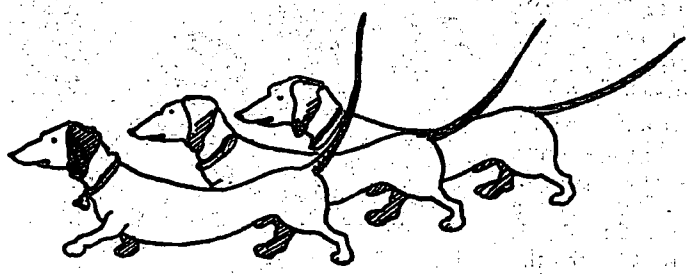


NINE TO ELEVEN (*Continued*)

WAGTAIL *by Alice Crew Gall and Fleming H. Crew, illustrated by Kurt Wiese* (Oxford. $2.00)

A fine artist has found the perfect collaborators. How Wagtail, the tiny tad-pole, becomes a frog and discovers the great world of the Blue Pool and talks with the Patriarch, a frog philosopher, is a story which ranks with Kenneth Graham's *The Wind in the Willows.*



MAX AND MORITZ *by Wilhelm Busch, illustrated by "Jay", translated by Christopher Morley* (Morrow. $1.75)

Like Struwelpeter, Max and Moritz are German. They commit six "naughty tricks" in doggerel and after that "the moral follows quick!"

Illustrations from *The Bird Began to Sing* by Rachel Field; pictures by Ilse Bischoff (Morrow. $1.75)

MEN AT WORK: Photographic Studies of Modern Men and Machines *by Lewis W. Hine* (Macmillan. $1.75)

The romance of the machine-age is dramatically told. Here are men of steel building their world of steel. The photography is of the best.

GUB GUB'S BOOK *by Hugh Lofting* (Stokes. $2.00)

Dr. Doolittle's friend Gub Gub, D.S.D. (Doctor of Salad Dressing), presents his Encyclopedia of Food. Gub Gub wrote in Piggish, Tommy Stubbins translated into English, and so the research of a famous gourmet is made available.

THE BIRD BEGAN TO SING *by Rachel Field, pictures by Ilse Bischoff* (Morrow. $1.75)

This is a true Christmas tale, quaint and sweet

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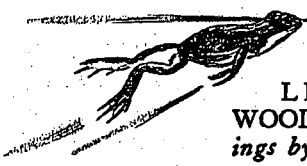
(Black) From *The Christmas Tree in the Woods* by Susan Smith; decorations by Helen Sewell (Minton, Balch. $2.00)

(Red) From *Wagtail* by Alice Crew Gall and Fleming H. Crew; decorations by Kurt Wiese (Oxford. ($2.00)

and not a bit sentimental. A city child delights in the magic of an old watch-maker who can make the bird in an ivory snuff-box sing on Christmas Eve. But when he forgets how to do it, Tilda is so sorry for him that she does a very daring thing. The pictures in colour make the book as gay as a German toy.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS *by Edna Potter* (Oxford. $2.00)

"The story of a great adventure" is told as if it had never appeared in the history books. The child Columbus is a boy in Genoa; he sets sail for the new world and he returns to Spain. This is a fine example of the humanization of a name.

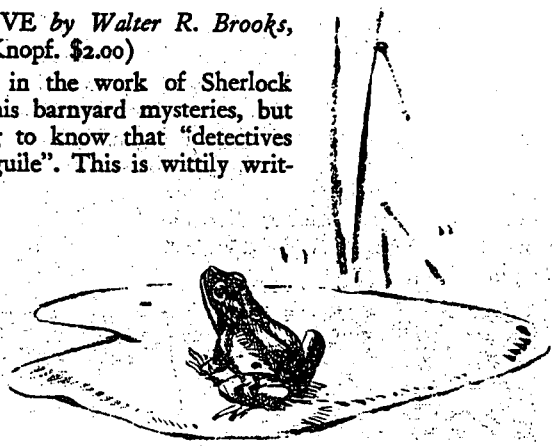


LITTLE HOUSE IN THE WOODS *by Laura Ingalls Wilder, drawings by Helen Sewell* (Harpers. $2.00)

Laura Ingalls Wilder recalls her own pioneer childhood of nearly sixty years ago. Life on the edge of the Big Woods of Wisconsin—making bread, seeing bear tracks in the snow, going to town, getting a new calico dress, hearing wolves howl—becomes a romance for twentieth-century girls.

FREDDY, THE DETECTIVE *by Walter R. Brooks, illustrated by Kurt Wiese* (Knopf. $2.00)

Freddy didn't find much in the work of Sherlock Holmes to help him solve his barnyard mysteries, but he was a smart enough pig to know that "detectives seldom use force; they use guile". This is wittily written comedy.



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From *The Donkey of God* by Louis Untermeyer; illustrations by James Macdonald (Harcourt, Brace. $2.50)

ELEVEN TO THIRTEEN

UNCLE BILL *by Will James, illustrated by the author* (Scribner's. $2.00)

Every boy and girl who yearns to visit a ranch (not a dude ranch) and learn to throw a rope and wear a sombrero will gallop through this record of the summer Kip and his sister Scootie spent under the sharp eye of Uncle Bill, a regular old-timer.

THE DONKEY OF GOD *by Louis Untermeyer* (Harcourt, Brace. $2.50)

Louis Untermeyer offers a guide-book to the spirit of Italy. There is a great deal about the glamorous past, but more than that he recreates the past by telling his own legends about several children and a few animals. Fact is always the starting-point for fancy and when one has finished reading *The Donkey of God* one feels closer to Italy than after a week of sight-seeing.

THE FARMER SOWS HIS WHEAT *by Adele Gutman Nathan* (Minton, Balch. $2.00)

Photographs of wheat-fields, of men at work, and of every sort of implement, primitive and modern, make this a complete treatise on the growing of wheat. Romance and information are nicely interwoven and there are even diagrams of the early inventions which were the forerunners of our modern reapers. This will enthrall the mechanical boy.

THESE UNITED STATES AND HOW THEY CAME TO BE *by Gertrude Hartman* (Macmillan. $5.00)

Scholarly research and fine writing went into this history-picture-book for the making of young Americans. Hundreds of old prints and engravings and many illustrations from rare books and obscure publications supplement the text. A sense of tradition is achieved and intelligent patriotism is fostered in the reader.

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From *Herdboy of Hungary* by Alexander Finta and Jeanette Eaton (Harpers. $2.50)

THE MASTER MONKEY *by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, illustrated by Florence Weber* (Dutton. $2.50)

Hanuman, the Master Monkey, is the god of Hindu athletics and his image is the symbol of courage and strength. Mr. Mukerji presents the powerful baboon's earthly life in a way which will appeal to boys and girls, particularly boys, who like jungle struggles.

SONS OF THE VOLSUNGS *by Dorothy Hosford, illustrated by Frank Dobias* (Macmillan. $2.50)

William Morris's version of the legend of Sigurd and Brynhild was the source-book for this retelling of a famous story. The loftiness of his language has not been lost and this is a book which should be given to every child fond of mythical adventure.

WILD CAT RIDGE *by Maristan Chapman* (Appleton. $2.00)

Boys who prefer to read about the adventures of other boys like themselves cannot be better provided than with this tale of three boys and their search for an abandoned silver mine in the uplands of Tennessee. This book, of a kind usually very poorly done, is not only competent but thrilling.

FAMOUS ANIMAL STORIES *edited by Ernest Thompson Seton* (Brentano's. $3.50)

All the writers that one would expect and many that one would not are in this omnibus stories of animals from many lands. There are even chapters from novels such as *Bambi* by Felix Salten and *Tarka, the Otter* by Henry Williamson. Its 686 pages make it an animal-story library in one volume.

HERDBOY OF HUNGARY *by Alexander Finta* (Harpers. $2.50)

If it hadn't been for the understanding between Sandor and his raw-boned horse, Mocskos, he would never have been able to endure the hardships of his life. Mr. Finta's drawings of Sandor's experiences while herding cattle on the wind-swept plains of Hungary are the work of a foreign Will James.

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OLDER BOYS: Thirteen to sixteen

THE PRAIRIE PIRATES *by Carl Chapin May* (Duffield & Green. $2.00)

Andrew Fuller wanted adventure. When he went west to the Illinois frontier he realized his dream of fighting the Black Hawks, and he learned a lot about the "Prairie Pirate", Black Beard. He tells his own story and he meets a young man named Abe Lincoln.

*HERE COMES BARNUM: P. T. Barnum's Own Story, *introduced by Helen Ferris* (Harcourt, Brace. $2.50)

In 1888 Barnum dedicated his autobiography to "The Whole Civilized World in General and the Universal Yankee Nation in Particular", and because she believes this dedication includes boys and girls, Helen Ferris wrote a new introduction for a new printing of the book.

TRACKS ACROSS THE SEA *by Alfred F. Loomis* (Appleton. $2.00)

What could be a better introduction to the finer points of sailing than being aboard a trans-Atlantic racer? Thad Putnam learns a lot about navigation and when the time comes, he is ready to assume responsibility. Mr. Loomis is an experienced seaman.

*YOUNG LAFAYETTE *by Jeanette Eaton* (Houghton, Mifflin. $2.50)

We learn to know the young Lafayette; we discover how it was that "America entered his heart", and we travel with him when he begins his adventures. His part in the battles of the Revolution is active enough to compensate for some of the quieter chapters.

YOU FIGHT FOR TREASURE! *by E. A. Stackpole.* (Morrow. $2.00)

Barbary pirates, buried treasure, an ocean voyage, the dramatic rescue of a man from kidnappers—all of the ingredients of a thriller are in this new story by the author of *Smuggler's Luck.*

*"WE, THE PEOPLE" *by Leo Huberman, with illustrations by Thomas H. Benton.* (Harpers. $3.50)

This is a history of the people of the United States. It cares little about wars or dates or treaties and everything about the happiness of men and women. What were the men of 1732 after? What was the meaning of 1776? What are we going to do next? These are the questions it answers. It attempts to give a new grasp of the economic past and future of the country. This book should be immensely stimulating to the thoughtful young person.

To the above list of books I should like to add a few titles from the general publishing lists. Though intended for adults, I think these books will appeal to older boys as well.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY *by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall* (Little, Brown. $2.50)

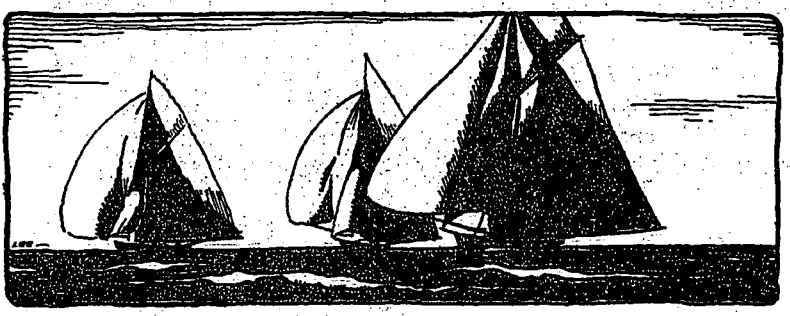
We witness the mutiny of the crew aboard *H.M.S. Bounty,* which set sail from England in 1787 bound for Tahiti, through the eyes of one Roger Byam, midshipman. This mutiny was an actual happening and is one of the extraordinary things recorded in the annals of the sea; the authors of *The Falcons of France* use it as the starting-point for a vivid adventure novel.

A MAN MUST FIGHT *by Gene Tunney* (Houghton, Mifflin. $2.50)

"When my story is told", said Tunney, "I will tell it myself. It may not be great literature, but it will be the truth." And it is a serious, forthright account of his rise to fame through the ring.

*THRILLS OF A NATURALISTS' QUEST *by Raymond L. Ditmars* (Macmillan. $3.50)

How a passion for collecting snakes during his spare time led a young man to becoming curator of the New York Zoological Park is a most curious success story. Mr. Ditmars has



(Left) From *Tracks Across the Sea* by Alfred F. Loomis; illustrations by Manning de V. Lee (Appleton. $2.00)
(Opposite page) From *"We the People"* by Leo Huberman; illustrated by Thomas H. Benton (Harpers. $3.50)

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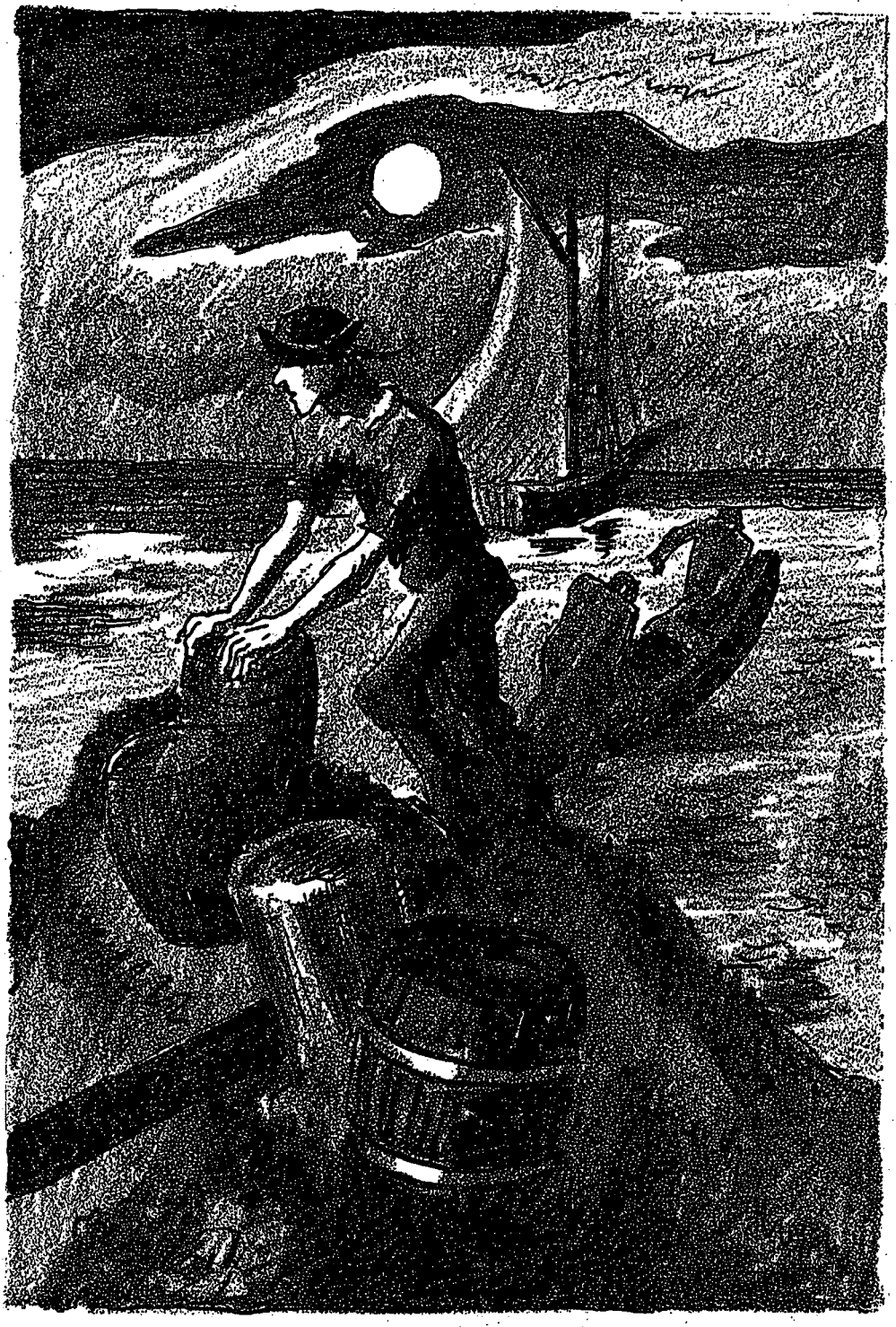

SMUGGLERS

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"Boy, Put up Dat Gun!"

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(Right) From *No Surrender* by Emma Gelders Sterne; decorations by Dorothy Owen (Duffield & Green. $2.50) *(Opposite page)* From *The Railroad to Freedom* by Hildegarde Hoyt Swift; illustrated by James Daugherty (Harcourt, Brace. $2.50)

hunted specimens in many remote places and like *Snakes of the World,* published last year, this new book will excite any boy old enough to read it.

NOTE: The books starred in the two lists of books for boys will also appeal to some girls.

OLDER GIRLS: Thirteen to Sixteen

HEPATICA HAWKS *by Rachel Field* (Macmillan. $2.00)

Here, at last, is that long awaited romance for older girls. It is a junior novel, something not quite intended for sophisticated people and yet something not at all for children. It enters into the mind and experience of a girl of fifteen. Hepatica Hawks is the child of a giant in a traveling show and she herself is six feet, four and a quarter inches in her stockings. But for all that she comes close to the heart of adolescence. There is a love story which girls will understand.

FIRST LADIES *by Kathleen Prindiville* (Macmillan. $2.50)

A young newspaperwoman indulged her curiosity to know more about the wives of the presidents, from Martha Washington to Mrs. Hoover, and as a result she wrote this collection of biographical studies. We read not only of the public life of these women but we know them as children and growing girls.

DEBBY BARNES, TRADER *by Constance Lindsay Skinner, illustrated by John Rae* (Macmillan. $2.00)

This is the second find of the year for older girls. Like *Hepatica Hawks* it is a full-fledged novel, somewhat further removed from the contemporary scene, but honest and complete. And Debby's resourcefulness is something modern girls will understand. When an Indian raid destroys her home in the mountains of Pennsylvania, she becomes hunter, trapper, and trader in order to support herself and her young brother. There is a love story, and Debby becomes friendly with Sarah Boone and her son Daniel.

THE RAILROAD TO FREEDOM *by Hildegarde Hoyt Smith, illustrated by James Daugherty* (Harcourt, Brace. $2.50)

We are just far enough away from the Civil War for this book to be possible. Harriet Tubman, a Negro girl, resented the injustices of the South and resolved to escape to the North. The story of her flight and of her courageous aid to three other Negro girls is recorded in the annals of Maryland, and it is told in this new story with great forcefulness.

NO SURRENDER *by Emma Gelders Sterne, decorations by Dorothy Sterne* (Duffield & Green. $2.50)

This is the reverse of the drama in *The Railroad to Freedom,* for Julia Thomas believes in the society against which Harriet Tubman rebelled. But she, too, is brave. Left alone on the plantation, her husband in the Confederate army, she manages to plant the cotton and keep things going during the period just after Lee's surrender. *No Surrender* is unusually well written.

INGRID'S HOLIDAYS *by Signe Lindegren* (Macmillan. $1.75)

Ingrid, a favourite of Swedish youth, will be quite popular with girls who like to read about a modern heroine. In the midst of a frivolous life in Stockholm, Ingrid takes a job in a factory and is "swallowed in a sea of machines". She becomes a different Ingrid and a figure of importance in this new world.

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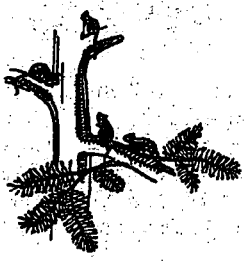
NEW EDITIONS OF OLD FAVORITES



THE JUNGLE BOOK *by Rudyard Kipling, illustrated by Kurt Wiese* (Doubleday, Doran. $2.50)

Kurt Wiese is the one and only illustrator for *The Jungle Book*.

NO. 10 JOY STREET: Prose and Verse for Boys and Girls, *edited by Michael Lynn* (Appleton. $2.50)

This is the continuation of a popular series; it includes some limericks by Laurence Housman and a story by Compton Mackenzie.

RAMONA *by Helen Hunt Jackson, with 62 illustrations* (Little, Brown. $3.50)

WANDA GAG'S STORY BOOK *by Wanda Gag* (Coward-McCann. $3.00)

Millions of Cats, Snippy and Snappy, and *The Funny Thing* all in one volume.

TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES *by Thomas Nelson Page, with pictures by John W. Thomason, Jr.* (Scribner's. $2.50)

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME *by John Fox, Jr., illustrated by N. C. Wyeth* (Scribner's. $2.50)

LONE COWBOY: My Life Story *by Will James, illustrated by the author* (Scribner's. $2.50)

CHRISTMAS STORIES

WELCOME CHRISTMAS! Legends, Carols, Stories, Riddle, Games *collected by Eleanor Graham, illustrated by Priscilla M. Ellingford* (Dutton. $2.00)

THE CHRISTMAS NIGHTINGALE: Christmas Stories from Poland *by Eric P. Kelly* (Macmillan. $1.25)

Stories about Polish boys and girls by the author of *The Blacksmith of Vilno.*

Illustrations from *Welcome Christmas!* by Eleanor Graham; illustrations by Priscilla M. Ellingford (Dutton. $2.00)

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THE BOOKMAN'S SURVEY OF THE NEW BOOKS

A Selected Shelf 856

NAPOLEON *by Hilaire Belloc*—THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER *translated by T. E. Shaw*—TO THINK OF TEA! *by Agnes Repplier*—WAH'KON-TAH *by John Joseph Mathews*—THE ROMANCE OF WINE *by H. Warner Allen*—THE SCOTTISH QUEEN *by Herbert Gorman*—PORFIRIO DIAZ, DICTATOR OF MEXICO *by Carleton Beals*—RONALD FIRBANK *by Ifan Kyrle Fletcher*—THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS *by Franklyn Bliss Snyder*—THE LETTERS OF ROBERT BURNS *edited by J. De Lancey Ferguson*—CARSON, THE ADVOCATE *by Edward Marjoribanks*

Four Novels REVIEWED BY DOROTHEA BRANDE 868

THE HAUNTED MIRROR *by Elizabeth Madox Roberts*—THE HOUSE UNDER THE WATER *by Francis Brett Young*—GREENBANKS *by Dorothy Whipple*—FLOWERING WILDERNESS *by John Galsworthy*

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HUMAN BEING *by Christopher Morley*—THE SHADOW FLIES *by Rose Macaulay*—GIANTS SHOULD BE GELDED *by Bogart Carlaw*—THE LAST OF CHÉRI *by Colette*—GOD'S ANGRY MAN *by Leonard Ehrlich*—STORIES OF GOD *by Rainer Maria Rilke*—THE TALE OF THE LOVE AND DEATH OF CORNET CHRISTOPHER RILKE *by Rainer Maria Rilke*—THE PASTURES OF HEAVEN *by John Steinbeck*—THE PASCARELLA FAMILY *by Franz Werfel*—WANTON MALLY *by Booth Tarkington*—RIVERHEAD *by Robert Hillyer*

The Bookman's Guide to Fiction 881

A handy annotated check-list of current fiction, including novels reviewed in the previous two sections.

At a Glance 884

Compressed notes on publications in various fields of non-fiction to which THE BOOKMAN desires to draw attention.

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A SELECTED SHELF

NAPOLEON *by Hilaire Belloc* (LIPPINCOTT. $4.00)

BELLOC's fertility, verve, and sense of form are astonishing. Everyone will admit him among the chief personalities of our time. Further, this reviewer maintains that his history, often taxed with extreme views and untenable positions, will in the end be remembered for sound and balanced judgment. Certainly it has errors in this or that detail. Whose work has not? But the foundation is sound. Seldom does love or hatred betray him into neglect of the reservations by which honest historians are known.

So it is in this book, which is an introductory essay followed by a series of scenes from Napoleon's life. The Emperor's ambition is admitted, but not allowed to colour the whole picture. Instead Belloc insists that Bonaparte was no mere corsair or buccaneer but a man fully conscious of the great European past, one who would have restored and firmly reëstablished the unity of Europe. Notwithstanding his errors and occasional crimes, the Corsican's work, had it been allowed to harden into permanence, would have cemented the divisions which have so nearly destroyed us.

Among the introductory judgments is one contrary to Mahan's exaggeration of the effect of sea power: Belloc reminds us that Napoleon's continental block was essentially self-contained, more likely in the long run to have worn down England. Sea power alone could not have ruined him had he not invaded and infuriated Spain, especially had he not invaded Russia in 1812. In turn, the Spanish fury was due to religion. Napoleon fully realized the political importance of the Church, his Concordat proves it: but his soldiers looted incorrigibly, and the looting of shrines helped raise the populace against him from Vienna and the Tyrol to Madrid. Moreover, he who had taken pains to have the Pope at his coronation, presently seized Rome and imprisoned Pius VII.

The reader will find the book not only vivid but full of ripe comment, for instance in the passage discussing the effect of childhood circumstances upon life, or in that describing Josephine's sham hesitations when trying to marry the young General Bonaparte. He will also find humour: when Napoleon goes home with Josephine as his bride, ". . . on the nuptial couch was sleeping the poodle Fortuné. The poodle bit Napoleon in the leg. . . ." Again, toward the end of the coronation: "Now that solemnity might be relaxed Napoleon, having occasion to call the attention of Cardinal Fesch to some matter, and desiring him to turn round, poked him in the back with his scepter". Once more, Napoleon having told Josephine that he would divorce her, she faints and has to be carried to her room by the Emperor and an attendant named Bausset: " . . . and so they began between them to carry the lifeless body down the little stair: and the lifeless body murmured to Bausset, 'Don't squeeze. You hurt me' ".

Most of the book is concerned with battles —described with a rare lucidity and at the same time an appreciation that battle is never

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a thing of plans and diagrams like chess, but a fearful human struggle. No writer upon war understands better than Belloc the importance of ground; he has visited almost every one of the great Napoleonic battlefields, and his every battle-piece gains by it.

One might have welcomed a little more discussion of the high policy of war. One wonders how far Napoleon realized that universal conscript service was a club so heavy that the wielding of it year after year must exhaust even the fecund France of his day. How far did he see that the valour and the lightning marches of his first armies were inspired by the social chaos of the Revolution and the hot blast of a flaming revolutionary faith bound to cool with time? The Russia of 1917 has shown us the process reversed, with prolonged conscript war bringing back the general disorganization which was its eighteenth-century parent. Again, one might ask how far Napoleon, by tolerating divorce in the Code, helped to bring evil upon us today. But one must not look for everything in the best of books, not even in this, which is an ornament and an enrichment of our letters.

HOFFMAN NICKERSON

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER *translated into prose by T. E. Shaw* (OXFORD. $3.50)

THE name "T. E. Shaw" is peculiarly appropriate beneath a translation of Homer: it conceals, not too defiantly, the man who wrote *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*; a man with an almost embarrassing sense of responsibility towards words; a man too careful, it appeared, to be a great writer, but admirably equipped to be a great translator. And this *Odyssey*, the twenty-eighth in line, is without question a great translation.

Its purpose is to lay open the world of Odysseus to a vast public, hitherto disenfranchised. "However scholars may question the text in detail," Shaw writes in his foreword, "writers (and would-be writers) cannot but see in the Odyssey a single, authentic, unedited work of art, integrally preserved." So, though more vaguely, we thought of it as we picked our way through with the lexicon. The *Iliad* had astonished and, at its worst, deafened us: the *Odyssey* we found more romantic, softer; restless in the mind, like a dream; creating a rounder world, more curiously inhabited. We would not have called it a less heroic world, but a world more easy of access.

If Shaw declares this poem to have been written, long after the *Iliad*, by one who had read the *Iliad* uncritically but often; if he says it was neither great nor Homeric; none the less he approaches it by the one road which writers have dimly seen and scholars have barred. ". . . The *Odyssey* by its ease and interest remains the oldest book worth reading for its story and the first novel of Europe. Gay, fine, and vivid it is: never huge or terrible." This is the clue: according to this interpretation, with these values, the translation was made.

This is a novel, then. Primitive; topheavy perhaps—since the first fourteen books are by far the best and the end is intolerably delayed. Previous translations had either attempted English poetry, which was splendid at Homer's expense, or twisted their stubborn English prose into a caricature of epic Greek, accurate but intimidating. This new translation is at ease—or at least as much at ease as a faithful rendering can ever be. The false dignity has gone and most of the anachronism. As you read you feel that some minor revolution has taken place, something almost imperceptible, but none the less thorough: for the poem, a shifting of values; for the

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English, a minute and devoted shifting of words. The epithet, for instance, is no longer a burden. Those magnificent and tremendous words which in the original buoyed up a weak line, or filled out an empty scene—those words which faithful English ordinarily reduces to some hyphenated and unnatural ruin—are here set free, made liquid. Generally, this translation is a shining example of freedom without license.

Take a typical scene, where the immortal puts on mortal disguise. "With that war spear in her fist she seemed some traveller seeking hospitality: *she had a look of Mentes,* a chief in Taphos." And elsewhere. "There met him in the entrance of the gracious town Athene herself, *grey-eyed and goddess but now subdued to the likeness of a quite young girl bearing a water jar.*" Nothing abrupt, nothing tricky: but the gulf between the readable and the unreadable has been bridged.

There are some faults. "Nine years *we pegged away* industriously" comes with the violence of an explosion; and there are lesser wrongs like "Let someone go quickly to our house and fetch for Demodocus the sounding lyre *which he will find hung up somewhere*". Foul-mouthed that world may have been, and violent: but Homer never made it slangy, and I cannot believe that it was ever casual. Such faults, by their infrequency, are the measure of T. E. Shaw's triumph.

What sort of man was this Homer, the first novelist of Europe? "After four years of living with this novel", Shaw says in his Translator's Note, "I have tried to deduce the author from his self-betrayal in the work. I found a bookworm, no longer young, living from home, a mainlander, city-bred and domestic. Married but not exclusively, a dog-lover, often hungry and thirsty, dark-haired. . . ." One is not required to believe this, but the conjecture is exciting; and, since the *Odyssey* is to be considered a novel, this sort of curiosity is neither ridiculous nor unseemly.

The Translator's Note is closely-packed, exciting, but not flawless. In its criticism of this post-Homeric Homer, for instance, one finds a certain inconsistency. "In this tale", we read, "every situation is burked." And later, "For recitation, too, are the swarming speeches. A trained voice can put drama and incident into speeches." These two statements seem to shout each other down. For the *Odyssey* was written with a reciter in mind: that is why, if you read it with any care, the poem contains one scene of more dramatic import than anything in the *Iliad*. In Book IX Odysseus declares himself to the Phaeacians, and the reciter's voice, pausing after "I AM ODYSSEUS", could convey the hush of astonishment, the intake of breath, the breaking of a suspense that had become almost unbearable by the end of Book VIII. Not every big situation is burked: not that situation, nor the scene with Circe, nor the first encounter with Nausicaa, nor the horror of the Lystraegons, nor the recognition of Odysseus by his nurse. These are the work of a great poet: and the Greek in which they are written is not, with due apologies to Shaw's scholarship, "Wardour Street Greek". Any more than Spenser's English is Wardour Street English.

As for the people, "Nausicaa . . . enters dramatically and shapes, for a few lines, like a woman—then she fades, unused". This does nothing to unbind a spell which Nausicaa has cast upon generation after generation of readers. Penelope is "the sly, cattish wife", an ingenious deduction, not really supported by the evidence. Odysseus is "that cold-blooded egotist": egotist, without a doubt, like most heroes; crafty, a consum-

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mate liar; but not cold-blooded. That is a very musty indictment, and the book disproves it time and again.

You can attack this Translator's Note at many points, but not assail its chief virtue. It is original, provocative, refreshing. It sets Homer free of archaeology, and philology, and all the dusty ecstasies of scholarship which have clouded him from us. And the translation it prefaces is no less refreshing. It is beautiful, readable, and—without exaggeration—extremely important.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD

TO THINK OF TEA! *by Agnes Repplier* (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. $2.75)

EVER since the rebellious Bostonians threw ten thousand pounds' worth of tea in the harbour, using a threepenny tax as an excuse to start a revolution, the drinking of tea has been in disrepute in the United States. To reject tea was first a test of patriotism and later of the pioneer spirit which apparently can keep vigorous only on the more robust coffee. Miss Repplier's book, which naturally presupposes an interest in tea, therefore deals with foreigners and its effect on them. She picks out the notable drinkers, particularly in England, describes their tables, their habits, their friends, their milieu. By inference she convicts her countrymen of bad judgment or poor taste; what she says, however, is that tea is not their "affinity" any more than a cocktail is an Englishman's.

> Innumerable "Tea Rooms", [she admits] dot the New England coast, charming little cottages with surroundings as beautiful as land and sea can make them. They are filled with women eating ices, drinking sugary liquids, cold and delicately coloured, or buying the kind of merchandise which is so accurately labelled "Gifts", and which no purchaser wants to keep, or means to keep, for herself.

There is no sincerity in an American tea-shop, in short. "To think of tea" one must travel, and somehow one suspects that Miss Repplier is herself not exactly an addict, so strange are the deductions she draws from some of her observations.

She tells how the Oriental drinks his "liquid jade" to the accompaniment of ritual, because for him it symbolizes "purity and harmony, the mystery of mutual charity, the romanticism of the social order". The Chinese at one time insisted on blue cups, because blue made the liquid look green, whereas white made it look pink. The Englishman, as represented by the greatest tea-drinker of them all, Samuel Johnson, drank his tea in gulps out of whatever was handy, twenty-five cupfuls at a time. Yet Miss Repplier declares: "Tea belongs to England as truly as it belongs to China, and by virtue of the same natural affinity".

The affinity may be natural, but it is not the same. An Oriental's mind may be occupied with mutual charity when he sips his liquid jade, but an Englishman's is more likely to be on his climate. It is quite probable that the English loved their tea in the first place because they fought for it through centuries of repression and taxation; but they stuck to it because in the British Isles one must have heating drinks, and tea is cheaper and safer than alcohol at all hours. Miss Repplier, if she were a real devotee of the "cup that cheers but does not inebriate", would undoubtedly have included a chapter on the subject of times of taking tea. There is tea in the morning, for example, very grateful to the mouth, and drunk preferably in bed. There is tea in the afternoon, very cheering to the soul, especially when drunk with a convivial few. There is tea at midnight, good for the mind which must keep alert beyond its usual nodding time. Miss

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Repplier makes no mention, moreover, of two other races which have done as much as either the Chinese or English to encourage the cultivation of the delicate herb. They are the Russians and the Irish, than whom not even Johnson himself could keep a hostess busier or longer at her urn.

But it is a graceless act to pick flaws in this charming book, which is as full of good talk as some of the tea-parties it describes. It is all the pleasanter probably, because, herself a foreigner in real tea country, Miss Repplier notes many incidents and anecdotes that would have escaped the eye of a too familiar native. One would like to think that the effect of the whole might be to increase the number of tea-rooms whose title bore some relation to their trade, but one despairs of that in a nation that once sold Liberty Tea made of Loosestrife and Balm Tea made of ribwort, currant leaves, and sage. In this case Okakura-Kakuzo was right when he said "the nations of the West have no tea in their constitutions".

NORAH MEADE

WAH'KON-TAH *by John Joseph Mathews* (UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS. $2.50)

THIS is the story of the Osage Indians and their government agent, Major Laban J. Miles, from the time he was appointed in 1878 until after oil had been discovered on their land. It is not a complete history of the Osages during that period, nor does it tell the Major's life except insofar as it concerns the Indians. Rather it is, through the medium of a series of sketches, an interpretation of those particular Indians and a statement of the problems and injustices which they faced on their last reservation.

The Major, being a Quaker, came to the reservation imbued with ideals of helpfulness. This meant not only explaining the wishes of the government to the Indians, but also defending their rights in governmental affairs. He soon began to feel that, "Their customs, their conception of God, their quiet dignity and courtesy and sincerity as compared with the aggressiveness and hypocrisy of his own race, made the understanding of them difficult". He found that the worst types of white men seemed to gravitate to the reservation where they regarded the Indian as fair and easy game, especially when drunk. The Indian custom of regarding horses "as belonging to him who was able to take them" was opposed by the Major with unusual understanding. He recognized the background of the practice in which horse-taking had long been war-like strategy calculated to embarrass the enemy. The Indian could not see theft in it, for what were the whites but enemies and trespassers? But the Major also knew that when the Indians took one horse, claims sent to the government were strangely multiplied. It even got to the point where if an Indian were so much as seen off the reservation white settlers would send in claims, "knowing that the government was ever ready to listen to any complaint made against their wards, without taking into consideration the character of the accuser or the trustworthiness of his statement". It was also difficult to keep white settlers off the reservation. Sometimes they came in with loud protestations of their rights as American citizens and a rifle to back them up. This on land every acre of which the Osages had bought back from the Cherokees despite their original claim to ownership.

It was the Major's hope that his Indians could be protected against the inundating tides of white men until some sort of an adjustment could be made to an entirely

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different environment. But in the end he saw that the struggle was futile. The old Indian virtues were doomed, the fortitude and dignity, the hymn to the rising sun and deaths which brought knowledge of Wah'-Kon-Tah, the Great Mysteries. The discovery of oil he regarded as "the last play of the fate that pursued the Osage people". And from the last chapter, a composite of many things including the death of an old Indian and a picture of the younger generation with its wealth-nurtured interests, one gathers that the Major was right.

Mr. Mathews is himself a member of the Osage Indian tribe and was born in Pawhuska, Oklahoma, in a house adjoining the Osage agency. He has written a book which is a fitting memorial to the Great Osages, and in being that, it becomes also an outstanding contribution to regional literature in this country.

ARCHER WINSTEN

THE ROMANCE OF WINE *by H. Warner Allen* (DUTTON. $4.00)

THIS is an important book, and the publishers deserve every congratulation for bringing it out in America during these days (though perhaps the last days) of the Noble Experiment. There have been few recent monuments to the vine's connotation of intelligence and culture, and surely this is one—a combination of wine connoisseurship and classic scholarship so excellent that one must go back to the eighteenth-century essayists for a counterpart. And it is, perhaps, the saddest aspect of Mr. Allen's fine writing on wine that one feels that it belongs to a period already dead; certainly the world today holds little promise of a return to the peace and stability so necessary to the attainment of his splendidly balanced attitude toward life and wine. But for the comparative handful of people alive who can find in the handsomest gift of nature the same quiet pleasure as does Mr. Allen, this is indeed a book to gladden the heart.

Its chapters of appreciation haunt one like the remote sounds of Viennese waltzes from behind drawn curtains in a narrow *Gasse*: the reminiscences of long dead great nineteenth-century vintages for whose sake one wishes one could have lived half a century earlier, only to awaken to the sudden realization that if this were so one might never have tasted Mouton Rothschild '00, and certainly not Berncasteler Doktor '21. Here indeed is a philosophy of fact, an acceptance of the joyous promises and exacting demands of life, the balance always kept by the inevitable emptiness of the bottle—anticipation fulfilled, fulfillment tempered, temperance anticipated.

Then there are Mr. Allen's magnificent chapters on wine-growing in the Bordeaux country; in Burgundy and Champagne; along the Moselle, Rhine, and Saar; in the Douro and at Jérez. Never too technical, as full of happy anecdote as of invaluable information, they are indispensable to the intelligent wine drinker, especially to those who, unlike Mr. Allen, have never had the good fortune to watch a vintage in the Côtes d'Or or to observe the culture of Port. His thoroughgoing accounts of Pasteur's discoveries concerning fermentation, his heartbreakingly accurate records of the ravages of the phylloxera would under any circumstances be vital documents to the wine lover; in Mr. Allen's endearing style they are epics of the first order.

Americans will read Mr. Allen's book, intended primarily for an English audience, not only with pangs of a conscience already weighted heavily by Prohibition, but also with a sense of helpless guilt as fellow na-

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tives of the tragic phylloxera, the insect peculiar to the vine which is alleged to have come from this side of the Atlantic to ruin most of the French vintages after 1878, and which has only now been partially controlled —at the cost of sacrificing some of the finest Bordeaux and Burgundy growths to a grafting with American stocks, necessarily changing the wine itself. Mr. Allen is a bitter prosecutor, and yet a truly hopeful philosopher of the vine, when he writes:

> Another "Greek" gift from America was the mildew which accompanied the phylloxera and the American vines, and as a jackal following a lion, attacked such vineyards as phylloxera had partially spared, devouring the leaves and ruining the crop, whereas phylloxera utterly destroyed the vine, roots and all. After mildew, phylloxera, cocktails, and Prohibition (Professor Hewitt, in *The Chemistry of Wine-Making*, says, "the pests were probably introduced into Europe with American vines. Oidium first appeared in France in 1845, phylloxera in 1867, mildew in 1879 and black-rot in 1884"), wine-lovers have a right to expect from the New World some startling boon as compensation. Perhaps when time has swung its full circle and the bootlegger has become an historical curiosity, there will emerge from the West some great unknown wine, for there is no limit to the artistic possibilities of the fermented juice of the grape.

One's head hangs heavy at these words; yet if there is little hope for a new Latour or Yquem from out of the Dago-reds and -whites of the Californian sierras, there is a fair opportunity that, given half a chance, we may still develop a decent national taste in wine. In any case, that will have come long before we can hope to produce vintages even near to the one for which Mr. Allen appeals as reparation. And we shall need, too, mentors such as the Institut Oenotechnique de France, and, surely, such wine shippers and dealers as the Berrys, the Sandemans, the Gonzalez Byass, the Cockburns, the Deinhards, and the Henckells—all of whom have contributed to the stimulation which the grower needs in order to produce great wines. But this reviewer, for one, has no intention of idly waiting for the millennium; certainly not while Mr. Allen speaks of Tokay Essence of the comet year of 1811, of '69 Margaux, of Clos de Tart '99, of Johannisberger Cabinet '21, and of Fonseca '68. It is, after all, only after experiencing wines like these, that one can fit oneself to encourage and criticize a native wine production.

ALFRED M. FRANKFURTER

THE SCOTTISH QUEEN *by Herbert Gorman* (FARRAR & RINEHART. $4.00)

HERBERT GORMAN in this biography of Mary, Queen of Scots, has proved himself one of those rarest of men, a writer who is able to make the past flame into life. He has added nothing to the scholarship of Stuart biography; he has discovered nothing new and he has shown false nothing that has not been known to be false, but he has written a fascinating book, and one which will not be soon forgotten. It is a book informed with colour, with movement, with drama splendidly organized and presented, and yet it scarcely ever violates the canons of sound biography. Only at rare intervals is there a slight overdoing of the psychological side, a trifle too much author's insight into the thoughts of the protagonists. And perhaps even here Mr. Gorman is not to be blamed, for what he is writing is not a formal life, but rather the pageant of a period, with Mary Stuart as its rallying point. Yet there are in this pageant no liberties taken with truth, and wherever truth is doubtful Mr. Gorman frankly gives his interpretation as his own, to be taken for what it is worth. Let us be thankful he is not continually peeping into bedrooms and lis-

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tening to servants' gossip in an endeavour to discover whether up to her meeting with Bothwell Mary had remained strictly virtuous. He indeed gives us the impression that she had, certainly that there was nothing of the heart between her and David Riccio, and even that until Bothwell forced her she kept him, too, at a distance. In short Mr. Gorman gives us the Mary Stuart who has recently been so meticulously presented by Justice Parry in his carefully documented but far less brilliantly written book; a woman far more enlightened and far more virtuous than those who surrounded her, yet whose name for three hundred years has been taken by the evangelical Protestants as standing for all that is loose and untrustworthy.

Mr. Gorman, like Justice Parry, does not believe that Mary knew of the plot to kill Darnley, but he gives a splendid picture of her growing detestation for her husband, and makes credible her passion, if passion it was, for Bothwell. Her marriage with the murderer of her husband will always be a stumbling-block in the path of Mary's apologists, yet Mr. Gorman, by frankly accepting the theory that Mary's sensual nature had been touched by Bothwell's courage and physical force, and that she realized that the Earl alone of her advisers had been consistently her friend, makes the taking of her fatal step credible. It is more credible indeed than Justice Parry's complete whitewashing of her act by ascribing it to her terror of Bothwell himself. But that Mary was the libertine pictured by John Knox and his followers Mr. Gorman proves to be absurd. The real villains of the piece were Knox himself, whose fanaticism does not excuse his trickery and lying, and of course the great nobles, Moray, Morton, Maitland of Lethington, and the rest. Never was sovereign surrounded with a cabal of more complete liars and more bloodthirsty ruffians than was Mary Stuart, from the moment of her arrival in Scotland to the time she fled from Langside field. And ever watchful across the border was Elizabeth and her great minister Cecil, determined that a Catholic sovereign should never rule in England.

A magnificent pageant for an historian indeed, and one that Mr. Gorman makes the most of. Especially fine are the passages describing the murder of Riccio and Mary's execution. Their drama is only heightened by the restraint with which they are handled. In short, in *The Scottish Queen* Herbert Gorman takes his place among the American biographers of real importance.

GRENVILLE VERNON

PORFIRIO DIAZ, DICTATOR OF MEXICO *by Carleton Beals* (LIPPINCOTT. $5.00)

MR. BEALS'S biography of Porfirio Diaz appears most opportunely. We have lately had a number of books describing aspects of the Mexican Revolution and of the intellectual rebirth which followed in its train. Now we are given a full and clear picture of the man whose policies were the direct cause of this revolt. We observe how the history of Mexico as a republic is contained in the inexorable struggle of fierce personalities, the dust from which obscures the economic and social changes following on the gradual infiltration of European material culture.

Mr. Beals compares Diaz to "Huitzilopochtli, the Aztec War God, recarved with lineaments of statesmanship—a stone feudal man ruling in an age of iron". The analogy is well chosen. Diaz rose from a poor boy, through the bitter struggles of partisan warfare, to the position of national hero, after the death of Maximilian and the downfall of his Empire. Then after ten more years of

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revolt against the established government of Juarez and Lerdo, Diaz assumed the presidency which he held, with the exception of a four years' interregnum under General Gonzales, continuously until his abdication in 1911. Mr. Beals describes very vividly the feudal character of the Diaz rule, under which local chieftains with absolute powers were played off one against the other by the astute old Mixtec.

Mr. Beals admires Diaz as a man but detests him as a social force. Yet Diaz gave his country almost uninterrupted peace for over thirty years. He ordered its finances and, through the encouragement of foreign capital, increased its mechanical efficiency. When one talks to the propertied classes of the Diaz régime and to the foreign investors of the same period, he feels that Mexico enjoyed a golden age. Yet when one hears the tales of peonage, industrial serfdom, and a throttled press, he believes that the downfall of the Diaz régime, with its concentration of power in the hands of a few, was a tremendous blessing.

In short, Mr. Beals has given us a clear and ruthless portrait of one of the most powerful men of the last century. Whether you agree with the author's conclusions as to Diaz's lack of moral and social worth, depends on whether you sympathize with the governors or the governed. Rule by dictatorship is a two-edged sword. No form of government can be judged arbitrarily, but only in respect to the social and economic factors of its age. Yet the Diaz régime showed in its final complete collapse the weaknesses of a dictatorship and of an economic system which divides its benefits among too few people.

Mr. Beals has made a great contribution to the study of Mexican history, and has delineated shrewdly its pattern, namely the interplay of strongly individualistic leaders, usually military or semi-military in character. In gathering together so much material (on which he is also preparing a critical bibliography), Mr. Beals presents for English readers another historical work as fundamental as that of Ernest Gruening. Thus the author has achieved two ends, a painstaking historical survey and an exciting account of the intricate achievements of—for good or evil—a very great man.

GEORGE C. VAILLANT

RONALD FIRBANK *by Ifan Kyrle Fletcher* (BRENTANO. $2.50)

"It is difficult to say anything definite about anyone as vague as Ronald Firbank," says Mr. V. B. Holland by way of beginning the short sketch which he has contributed to Mr. Fletcher's volume. For one must call it Mr. Fletcher's volume, since his Memoir takes up a hundred of its one hundred and fifty pages. In quality, however, if not in extent, Mr. Fletcher's contribution is surpassed by most of the others, especially by those of Mr. Augustus John and Mr. Osbert Sitwell. They have all felt Mr. Holland's difficulty and have all attempted to get over it in one way or another. The one way which no one seems to have tried is telling the whole truth. What, one asks oneself, was Firbank like? And his friends apparently prefer to reply that he was like nothing on earth. Nothing except the Oxford aesthete of romance; the real Oxford aesthete has more flesh and blood. Yet Firbank was a Cambridge man and managed to hold his own in the atmosphere of law and rowing which pervades (or is said to pervade) Trinity Hall.

Indeed he was even known to keep up appearances by donning what Mr. Holland calls "the costume of sport", apropos of

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which he tells an anecdote which may be taken as symbolical of the attitude of all of the contributors to this composite sketch:

> Seeing him once clad in a sweater and football shorts, I asked him what on earth he had been doing: "Oh, football," he replied. "Rugger or Soccer?" "Oh, I don't remember"—and a laugh. "Well, was the ball round or egg-shaped?" "Oh, I was never near enough to it to see that!"

This anecdote is symbolical because his friends have either taken him at his word, or else borrowed his pose in writing of him.

Ronald Firbank was a supreme master of "the light touch"; but it is a touch which no really frivolous or vague person has ever yet mastered. No frivolous person would have resisted the War to the extent of withdrawing from it to Oxford for four solitary years, and no vague person could have set down the precise and penetrating details which make of Ronald Firbank's most far-fetched inventions delightful satires on society and human nature. Not that one need take him too seriously to enjoy him. "At no time was Firbank anything but the gayest of jesters, to whom life was far too portentous to take seriously, and whose echo of the ridiculous would have deceived Ridicule herself." Nevertheless, one has only to turn to his works to realize that he was a real human being; and in these pages we do not see a human being, but his pose.

Mr. Fletcher gives the facts of Firbank's outward life—his origin, his education, and the rest. His matter is interesting on the whole, but his style is regrettably careless.

Mr. Holland is charming but vague. Mr. Augustus John is brief, but sketches a portrait far more vivid than the drawings he has also contributed to the volume. Mr. Osbert Sitwell approaches his subject like a writer unfolding the plot of a short story and is far and away the best. Here, if anywhere in this volume, one feels the real Firbank. Lord Berners, to whom Firbank was "strange, orchidaceous, incoherent, fantastic", is chiefly interesting because he was the only one of Firbank's friends present in Rome at the time of his death.

This little volume is one which no reader of Firbank will want to miss; but for a real picture of Firbank one turns to the characters he has invented. For in depicting them—Miss Compostella, Mrs. Henedge, Claud Harvester, Winsome Brooks, the King in *The Flower Beneath the Foot*, perhaps even Charlie Mouth—he has depicted himself better than any of his friends has done.

JAMES ORRICK

THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS *by Franklyn Bliss Snyder* (MACMILLAN. $4.00)
THE LETTERS OF ROBERT BURNS *edited from the original manuscripts by J. De Lancey Ferguson* (OXFORD. $10.00)

BURNS's life, more than any other modern poet's, is cluttered up with legend and myth, created partly by those who knew and wrote about him and partly by himself. We can never understand him so long as we think of him in romantic terms, and what makes any complete interpretation difficult is that part of the time Burns thought of himself in precisely that manner. Hence some of his own testimony must be doubted. Living at a time when the vegetative and original genius was the rage, he took on the fashion of the moment, and he often spoke and wrote of himself as one whose genius was natural and simple like that of an ancient bard. Burns too often represented himself as the gifted peasant bard of Caledonia, the ploughboy poet, hardly able to understand the meaning of what he uttered.

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However hard he tried to represent his wretched and cruel environment as a pastoral scene, himself as the gentle shepherd, and Jean Armour and the others as his love, the pose today seems pathetic. The truth is he knew the bitterness of his life, and he knew that his poems were not composed as he took a turn in his barnyard while pensive evening with dewy fingers drew her veil over an idyllic Scotland. Shortly before his death Burns managed to acquire a genuine Scottish shepherd's pipe, but on that he could make no music.

The chief value of Mr. Snyder's *Life* is that he frankly ignores the mass of legend and puts in order the established facts of Burns's life to be read for what they are worth. He places Burns in his environment—physical, cultural, and religious—which is necessary for the understanding of his work, and he writes to illustrate no theory. The uses of such a book are most obvious when it is compared with an interpretative biography, like Mrs. Carswell's, which offers a hodge-podge of fact and fiction as the truth and never so much as suggests that any one statement is based on more or less evidence than another. Mr. Snyder is no biographer in the modern manner, and his work is likely still to be read with profit and interest when our styles in biography have once more changed.

He leaves Burns a complex personality: rowdy and servile, bawdy and sentimental, brutal and delicate, uncouth and genteel, and it is precisely this impression which the *Letters*, now perfectly edited and printed, make upon a reader. The letters have never been much praised for their intrinsic literary values, and even after a hundred years Carlyle's judgment, that most of the letters are affected in matter and style, seems fair. Their interest is great, however, because they reflect the confusion and chaos in Burns's nature and because at the same time they show how clear he was in his own mind about his abilities and intentions as a poet. The world they reflect is not a pretty one, and Burns is obviously trying to find where he belongs in it. The waste of energy in adjusting himself to his fellows, in making a bare living, is nothing less than appalling. Yet amid the silliness of the letters to Clarinda from her Sylvander, the false humility of the letters to his patrons, the anxious reflections about his success as a farmer, the heartrending eagerness to be taken for an efficient exciseman, one thing is constant—his knowledge of his own poetic powers. Of that he never doubted, and as he grew older his purpose became more serious. Though lacking the charm of letters written by men of easier fortune, and though confined in their subject-matter to a relatively narrow world, Burns's letters show us a man who in spite of the sordidness and vulgarity of the Scotland of his day produced his country's most beautiful songs.

THEODORE BAIRD

CARSON, THE ADVOCATE *by Edward Marjoribanks* (MACMILLAN. $3.00)

It is difficult to review a biography which has excellent materials, but which as a book has great faults. One hesitates to criticize too severely, for fear of discouraging a prospective reader who might find much that was interesting. Yet one feels a resentment that the author did not make better use of his opportunity. Mr. Marjoribanks, as a friend of Edward Carson, as his authorized biographer, and as a fellow member of the English Bar, had the best of ingredients. His book is excellent in parts, but as a biography of a great figure in English public life, it is disappointing.

A fine biography could have been written.

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Edward Carson, both by his personal character and his connection with many of the great problems with which England had to deal at the turn of the century, was a subject around which an historian could have built an outstanding work. But instead of such a work, revealing and developing the personality of this remarkable man, the author has pieced together in a scissors and paste fashion a series of interesting events in his life. The description of some of these events is splendid, but the result is not a satisfying whole. At times incidents follow each other so swiftly that the reader becomes confused; even in the best written portions of the book, the transition from incident to incident is abrupt.

The book also fails in placing its emphasis in the wrong place. Such a mistake is one which Carson would never have made. Mr. Marjoribanks accentuates the triumphs of cross-examination and analysis. But Carson became an important Parliamentary influence and leader of the Bar for qualities greater than these. It may not be strange that one lawyer writing the life of another tends to accentuate in his subject the technical proficiencies which are most esteemed by the Bar. But although this may excuse the author it does not improve the book. Moreover, it is submitted that if the life of any lawyer is worth writing, it is because the man himself has not only mastered the technique of his profession, but by his personality, his character, and his ideas has made that technique the tool for greater accomplishments. The greatness of Carson was not that he mastered the technique of cross-examination but that he was a rugged individual with a firm belief in his own judgment, with courage both physical and intellectual. Above all, Carson was an Irishman. It was for Ireland and the Union that he was in public life, and in the end, in spite of Mr. Marjoribanks, the Irish question dominates the book.

Had the author not died prior to publication, many of the rough spots might have been smoothed over, but it seems doubtful that the radical changes necessary to give real unity would have been made. The present book is but the first of two volumes which were in preparation. It carries Mr. Carson only to 1910, when he went to Ulster to be its leader. The materials for the later period have been gathered. Although the present reviewer derived real pleasure from reading this book, he is not sorry that the subsequent volume will be in other hands.

JOHN E. LOCKWOOD

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FOUR NOVELS: *by Dorothea Brande*

In any discussion of regional literature the name of Elizabeth Madox Roberts comes up as regionalism's bright particular star. She clings so loyally to her Kentucky natives, and her genius is beyond dispute. But her genius and her Kentucky mountaineers are, in all probability, only fortuitously linked together. It is as though a sculptor found the clay of his own countryside completely suitable as a medium, but his genius was in no way conditioned by it. These reflections are brought on by reading Miss Roberts's latest book, The Haunted Mirror (*Viking*. $2.50), a collection of seven stories which surpass even the best of her previous work. There will always be readers who prefer her novels, but, perhaps because the short stories of our major novelists so often seem to be merely exercises or by-products, I am inclined to feel that her genius is brighter in these tales.

A synopsis of any one of the stories would not give an idea of the least of its qualities. On the surface they are tales of simple people faced with love, death, separation; people speaking and acting with simple directness; thinking and feeling obscurely and deeply. I cannot see that Miss Roberts ever romanticizes about her characters or condescends towards them. In two sentences or at most two paragraphs you are made intimate with a human being under stress. While the stress remains you follow him, in his action and his emotion. When the stress is over the story ends. Miss Roberts is a perfectly conscious and entirely unobtrusive artist, and it is a revelation to see how she gains her effects. In so short a review there is only room to point out that if one reads a page aloud one is almost forced to intone—not by any singsong of recurrent rhythms in the prose, but because the simple words, well placed, follow each other without obvious emphasis. Take this passage from *The Shepherd's Interval*, where Flynn Thompson, born and raised to breed sheep, is walking home from his short jail-term, imposed for making moonshine. It was his sin that he had turned away from his own work for a time to make an easier living, and in jail all his sorrow had been that his sheep were deserted, that inexpert hands must tend the ewes at lambing and perhaps shear them awkwardly. "Flynn walked over a stile into a new pasture where he trod on new yellow clover. The sheep here moved lightly away as he came near, all of them newly shorn, and he prayed lightly to God that he might reach home in time for the shearing. Ten miles south by west now his home lay, the white house built high at the front and low at the back. A long crooked scythe hangs on the wall of the meathouse. Four large flat stones from the kitchen door to the iron pump, and the joy of drawing the water, his own, his well, his that his father had dug." In short, this prose is a kind of incantation; the meaning does not reach the reader through his intellect alone. Mind and emotion are equally engaged—as indeed they should be in the presence of any of the arts, but it would be a rash soul who would dare to claim that this is commonly the case today.

There is one more cause for gratitude to Miss Roberts: her conscience is not merely

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an aesthetic conscience. I should like nothing better than to think this sentence might be cryptic enough to send new readers to her books, if only out of curiosity. If they will observe the nice balance between justice and mercy in *The Shepherd's Interval*, they will see a rare and admirable quality at play. The same flawless honesty is to be seen in all her books since *The Time of Man*.

It is pleasant to realize that Miss Roberts's reputation almost equals her deserts.

THERE are never enough novels in the grand romantic manner, robust, abundant books for solid enjoyment, that seem to have been poured out in a flood of high spirits and generosity. Francis Brett Young's THE HOUSE UNDER THE WATER (*Harpers*. $2.50) is that kind of book. It is the sort of novel that falls into the hands of an imaginative youngster and sets him careening off to read all the books in the world; the sort of book almost any adult on holiday would thank his stars to find. It will probably be weeded out and ignored when Mr. Brett Young's work is under consideration by future commentators on the novel, but that is their misfortune; let them have their Brother Jonathans and Portraits of Claire.

Not that *The House Under the Water* is inconsiderable even by fairly rigid critical standards. The character of Griffith Tregaron, which shapes the book, is drawn in masterly fashion. But that name will suggest to you why the commentators may look down their noses: it is perhaps a *little* too rhythmical for hard wear? And he is a "red Tregaron", too, if you are in a mood to be captious, although how any reader could stay captious past the first few pages is a mystery. At any rate, although Griffith Tregaron was indubitably heir of a vast estate in Wales, he was only half an Englishman, more than half a bounder, and, for all his leonine head, he was a short man, with a short man's touchy vanity. He had married a member of the Italian nobility, whom he despised for being non-British at the same time that he knew she was much too good for him, and he had raised up for himself, casually, a numerous family in whom all his traits, hereditary and acquired, good, bad and indifferent, promise to live on beyond him. The uses to which he puts the estate, Nant Escob, in his insolent self-importance, and their effects on his daughter Philippa, who is a throw-back to the best of her ancestors, make drama of a delightful sort.

GREENBANKS, by Dorothy Whipple (*Farrar & Rinehart*. $2.50), comes to us from England heaped with critical praise, well deserved. The book opens with a family reunion on Christmas Day in 1909, and comes up to the present; the twin heroines are a grandmother and her favourite granddaughter. Such a gentle matriarch as Louisa has never before been celebrated, yet almost everyone knows a woman like her, with her loyalty, her humour, her timidity offset by bursts of courage, her endless lovingkindness. It was real inspiration that led Miss Whipple to put her in the center of *Greenbanks* and let the story revolve around her.

Only a woman would have thought of using Louisa for a heroine; but this is very much a woman's book. Not that men will not enjoy it; half the critics of England seem to have rushed to shout its praises. It is a kind of epic of comfort and kindliness as long as Louisa is on the scene, and for that it can hardly be overpraised. Yet it has other qualities not quite so pleasant: except for a young architect, the illegitimate son of one of Louisa's beneficiaries, there is not an admirable man in the book. The women have

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all the courage, loyalty, humour, and tolerance firmly in their hands. There is a charming incompetent son whom Louisa adores, but he is scarcely the *beau idéal* of any but a doting mother's heart; there is pompous Ambrose, the unworthy father of the little secondary heroine, Rachel; there is Louisa's husband, hardly introduced before he is carried in dead, but he never gave her so much as a taste of fidelity; there is dull James, another son, and a gross plutocratic son-in-law whom one daughter abandons for a lover.

This poverty where the men of the book are concerned throws it out of balance, although not badly enough to spoil one's enjoyment of it. Still, just a hint that admirable qualities have occasionally been found in the male sex would have made Miss Whipple's world more recognizably like our own.

WILFRED DESERT, who yearned for Fleur Mont in one of the addenda to *The Forsyte Saga*, and Dinny Charwell ("pronounced Cherrell", as the author keeps telling us rather too assiduously), who refused the completely incredible American professor in *Maid of Honour*, are brought together and torn apart in Mr. Galsworthy's latest book, FLOWERING WILDERNESS (*Scribner's*. $2.50). In the East, Desert had been converted to Mohammedanism at the pistol's point; and it is because he cannot bring himself to let Dinny suffer from the social disapproval he has brought upon himself that he returns to the East, alone.

Except for the passages of young love, which Mr. Galsworthy does as movingly as ever, the entire book is given over to exploring the reactions of assorted representative Englishmen to Wilfred's recantation. It has been suggested that no American can quite understand the points involved, and that may be so. It does not seem too difficult to understand the English belief that the white race in the Orient stands or falls by its individual members, and that for one man to abandon the religion of the ruling race involves more than his own conscience. Mr. Galsworthy shows the gravity of Desert's recantation in the eyes of all patriotic Englishmen, and if that were all his subject required, this would be his masterpiece, although the endless conversations on the subject, the hints, the twitters, the runnings back and forth to talk the thing over, do in the end grow fantastic. Desert's Christianity was only nominal, and not a character in the book is ill-bred enough to suggest that any deeper loyalty than that to a nation of empire-builders is involved. It is because Mr. Galsworthy and his characters avoid all discussion of Christianity as a living religion that the novel is no consideration of a vital problem, but a grotesque imitation of a serious book.

There is a clergyman of the Church of England among Dinny's relatives, and his opinion (of course) is asked; but oh, he is broad and tolerant! He would not for a moment stand on dead dogmas! He is, in fact, more than a little at sea himself, and over the bedside of a dying child, whom he has unwarrantably promised a heaven of cinema-going, he addresses his Maker thus: "Now, God, if you are—give her pictures!" I think we may fairly feel that the church's stand has not, in Hilary Cherrell, been adequately represented. For all that, he is the best Mr. Galsworthy can do for us in the way of a deeply religious character. It is not that one wants to dictate Mr. Galsworthy's beliefs or to circumscribe his material; but it does not seem too exigent to ask that if a writer sets out to turn a novel on such a point as a man's recantation of his religion he should prove to us that he is capable of comprehending what religion is.

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KEEPING UP WITH THE NOVELISTS

HUMAN BEING *by Christopher Morley* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.50)

For several chapters *Human Being* conveys the impression that the author, like certain of his compeers, thinks of novel-writing as the new way of being nonchalant. Ostensibly it is the story of a man named Hubbard who thought of composing a life of one Richard Roe, sought in various odd corners for relevant materials, talked the project over with numerous acquaintances, and finally abandoned his plan because it "would never make sense" and would "only hurt a lot of people". Richard Roe, it appeared, had never moved with sufficient vigour in any direction to have seriously affected, much less to have *hurt*, anybody. His passing had hardly been noticed. His complete harmlessness, the tenuity of his substance, when at length the frail image after endless circumvolutions has been brought into some sort of focus, unfits him confessedly for any place in romance. In the nineties Richard was hanging around a theatre in Hoboken. He married Lucille, the blonde girl at the ticket window, spent some years on the road selling books, took a suite in the Flatiron Building and became, around 1919, a successful purveyor of desk sets, self-inking pens, and such novelties. Night after night, for years, he conducted his wife's Pekinese to a fence that surrounds the Natural History Museum for the evening's final solemnity. Once he went inside the Museum and looked at the specimens. Gradually, in such ways, he developed an odd intermittent pain at one side of his forehead, and this killed him one afternoon on the Hoboken ferry at exactly the moment when his life insurance was needed to advance his business a few months further into the turbulent midstream of our still unterminated depression.

No hero. Hardly even, in spite of the title, a human being. No, it doesn't "make sense". But it might, as Hubbard observed, "hurt a lot of people". Perhaps that is why Mr. Morley, with an eye to the special audience he has hitherto commanded, advances with such infinite delicacy to plant his intolerable barb. As late as page 235 he admits friendly thoughts with regard to our recent inflation. The allusion is to Saint Paul's experience with the Ephesians. "He was telling them that Diana wasn't a real god, only an idol; but the silversmiths' Chamber of Commerce, who did a big traffic in images, were pretty sore about it. 'All with one voice about the space of two hours cried out Great is Diana of the Ephesians'. There's a lot of Ephesianism in human nature. Why not?"

The ensuing pages tell rather completely *why not*. If you think Mr. Morley is merely a whimsical fellow, read his chapter entitled "The Pain". Read how once when Richard was warm at home in his bed listening to a "rather pretty song" on the radio there was suddenly a break: *"Signing off for an S. O. S. call,"* said the announcer. A ship was in trouble at sea. Read about the bus trip that Roe made with Johnny Jonquil and the speculations concerning his visit to Atlantic City. Read about his light-hearted gift of a pair of garters, and about the devotion he almost incredibly inspired in the capable Minnie Hutz-

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ler, and one riotous evening he spent with a blackmailing brother, and the bitterness of his wife. It will rend your heart. Then perhaps you will be able to forgive Mr. Morley for the too volatile humour which seems to have governed his choice of some proper names in this book.

Human Being is *Only Yesterday* transposed into fiction. There was nothing inside of Richard except at those rare intervals when what-might-have-been asserted itself in that little stab called "the pain". He could have form and substance only in a saturation of all the external circumstances that belong to his final decade; thus a specimen may owe to the alcohol in which it is preserved its look of completeness, though scarcely of animation. Morley's circumvolutions are, therefore, inevitable; only such an encirclement could have given the outline of a subject whose interest lies precisely in its averageness and in its sheer lack of distinction, in its worth as a summary of our time, as a social symptom. The writing of *Human Being* is not uniformly distinguished, nor is the method utilized with classic severity; but the final impression is of a rare competence applied in resolving a difficult and an interesting problem.

ROBERTS TAPLEY

THE SHADOW FLIES *by Rose Macaulay* (HARPERS. $2.50)

Miss Rose Macaulay, who writes with such delightful irony in contemporary English, has chosen to masquerade here as an author of the seventeenth century. She admits that the disguise is incomplete, that any such attempt must be "deplorably inadequate"; and she suggests that the verbal ghosts she tries to revive may be ignored. That is not easy. The outward forms of such verbs as "let" and "admire" are still walking the pages of the daily papers, the bodies in this case having survived the souls. To find the ghosts so persistently claiming their old corporeal substance is exasperating to a careful reader. When that reader must in addition face a swarm of "pretty boys", "by my faith, young mistresses", "plaguey bad times", and other now colourless or amusingly misleading phrases, the effect is destructive of all enjoyment.

Masquerading, moreover, is not a mere matter of costume. The dress does not necessarily proclaim the century. There must be the gait and a thousand inflections of tone and manner to make the disguise complete. Miss Macaulay writes: "Cowley's behind the scenes. He'll speak the Prologue and Epilogue of his piece. So you'll see him suddenly, but masked. But there's Andrew Marvell; he's a Trinity scholar, that took his B. A. last year". That is the rhythm of the quick-paced twentieth century, and its dress save for two small items. It requires more than a taste for philology to produce a literature that is true to its time.

The masquerade is more irritating for the reason that, without it, Miss Macaulay might have produced something new and satisfactory in an historical novel. Her characters are the literati of the last days of Charles I. The poet-parson, Robert Herrick, is her principal character. He is shown first in his Devonshire parish, hurling invective or something heavier at the heads of his thick-witted congregation. His friends are an atheist, Dr. Coneybeare, and the doctor's daughter, Julian, whom Herrick is tutoring in the classics. A matter of saving a witch from burning drives the doctor and his daughter to his old university, Cambridge. Herrick goes with them, and we see the pastoral—in two senses—poet up against the young metaphysicians and

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philosophers of the day, to whom his tradition, that of the great Ben, is outmoded. Here Miss Macaulay is more interested in the controversies of the time than in the people who conducted them, though we do get revealing glimpses of men like Milton. There are long stretches of argument, possibly arid to many readers, between the oases of the incidents that give the book its framework. Though shaky, this framework is delicately beautiful. Julian, charming precursor of less charming blue-stockings, attracts the attention of Cleveland, satiric poet and libertine, who becomes her tutor by his own request so that he may teach her the art of love. He succeeds and leaves her, and she is accidentally killed in a brawl between him and her brother.

If Miss Macaulay had been content to imitate Shakespeare who was never afraid to "be his age" in incidentals, knowing that only so could he be of all ages in essentials, she might have achieved a new, subtle type of historical novel. As it is, she accomplished an unsatisfactory *tour de force*.

NORAH MEADE

GIANTS SHOULD BE GELDED *by Bogart Carlaw* (PUTNAM. $2.50)

WHEN Peter Blenner was ten years old he smoked a cigar in the alley behind his house in a vain attempt to stunt his growth. He was already six feet tall and, of course, overwhelmed with the painful sense of his difference from other boys his age and older. His parents were of normal size, making it ridiculous for him to climb into his mother's lap to be comforted. A few years later he had risen above seven feet, and when fully grown he was nine feet two inches, the tallest man in the world, and built in proportion, broad and strong. In ordinary rooms he was forced to bend over, he had to be packed into the rear seat of an automobile like luggage, and he had to eat off special tables.

In desires and intelligence he was thoroughly normal. His father, a well-to-do Minneapolis realtor, sent him to a private school and later to college where he became a fraternity member. As soon as Peter realized that despite his childish efforts he was rapidly growing into a giant, he tried to make the best of it. In the fraternity he was noted for his sense of humour. He always joked back when they asked him how the air was up there. He was known as a "woman-hater" of necessity. On one occasion he took a girl out. She was slightly over six feet tall and very shy about it. People stared at them on the streets and she ran home.

After college he tried to become an advertising man. At last acquiring a job through his father's influence, he found it necessary to sit on the floor in the offices. There were no seats or desks to fit him, and no one could work when he was near. They could only stare.

It could not continue forever. Peter broke under the strain of trying to achieve merely a normal life. He began to take pride in his enormous size and strength, to scorn the little men, to fight, to drink, and become dangerous. The train had been lighted; the tragedy was not long in coming.

Despite the fact that the subject might easily have been treated symbolically, I am inclined to believe that the author has intended the fashioning of the story to be taken literally. The title happens to mean exactly what it says. The book is an exploration of the feelings and thoughts which would occur in an almost excessively normal person to whom such awful growth would be like a fatal disease. The personality is first diverted from its pre-ordained expressions, then twisted and finally crushed. Mr. Carlaw

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has written powerfully and with imagination. That he has, after all, confined himself to the bizarre and particular, should not obscure the fact that this is a finished piece of work and not insignificant as a novel.

ARCHER WINSTEN

THE LAST OF CHÉRI *by Colette* (PUTNAM. $2.00)

A COLETTE novel under my arm as I walk down the street, and I feel as jaunty as if I were wearing a green orchid pinned to my coat. Indeed, I think that a Colette novel is very much like an orchid—exotic and delicately made. Do they not both grow from strong roots deep in black soil? And though they both spring naturally from their proper habitat, do they not seem strange blooms which could only have been produced in a hot-house?

Cézanne has been called an entirely French genius, and such, I believe, is Colette. There are not words in the English language to convey the whole of her meaning; a translation of her work is at best only an approximation of the truth. Like the reproduction of a painting, it evokes some of the delight of the original, but it cannot be said to be more than a copy.

As the title promises, *The Last of Chéri* completes the story of the youth whose love for Léa, the courtesan, was told in *Chéri*. It will be remembered that Chéri deserted Léa (and his love) to marry Edmée. Léa was left aging and alone with her mirror. But now, whatever sympathy one had for Léa must be transferred to Chéri—to a post-War Chéri whose only joy is in remembering "the time when distrust was a tribute".

"Born among beauties of fifty with their electric vibrators and their reducing creams", beauties "who were ready to do battle for a gigolo", Chéri has nevertheless his own peculiar integrity. Even with Léa, when he seemed a common gigolo, he was really bound by love. And now, living with Edmée, he is unable to make the compromises their situation demands. She has changed during their seven years of marriage; the War, which left him unwounded, made her efficient. She makes money on the Bourse and he does not even care about money; every morning she goes off to her hospital for the wounded, and Chéri knows that every night she is dreaming about Dr. Arnaud, the chief surgeon. Chéri has nothing; he is out of step with his time, he no longer loves Edmée, and he says to himself wherever he goes, just as he says in their bedroom, "What am I doing here?"

With her short-hand prose, almost as rapid as sensation, Colette shows the unvoiced separation between Edmée and Chéri. It is a slow autopsy of passion. Finally Chéri flees the unreality of their marriage, and quite naturally he goes to Léa who had been the great truth of his adolescence. This scene between Léa and Chéri is one of Colette's masterpieces. Now Léa has the upper hand. The harsh facts of her age mock his illusion and he, panic-stricken, wants to shout "Stop! Enough of this! Give up your masquerade. You must be there, somewhere, underneath—I hear your voice! Come out! Show yourself, freshly powdered, your hair dyed red this morning. Put on your corsets again, wear that blue dress I loved, use that old meadow perfume of yours that I've longed for here in vain. Leave all this behind, come along, through Passy still wet from the rain, with its birds and its dogs—come to the Avenue Bugeaud—don't you know Ernest will be there, cleaning the brass of your gate?" A gigolo visits an old courtesan, once his mistress—such material and Colette gives us a picture of human disillusion.

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Unable either to reclaim his Léa, or to forget the "huge woman, with her hair cut like some old cellist in a female orchestra", Chéri plunges into a life of fantasy. His final struggle is touching, and it displays Colette's brilliant honesty; with x-ray flashes she presents a masculine counterpart to the feminine tragedy in *Chéri*.

NANCY EVANS

GOD'S ANGRY MAN *by Leonard Ehrlich* (SIMON & SCHUSTER. $2.50)

God's angry man is John Brown of Harper's Ferry, about whose violent life Mr. Ehrlich has built a detailed and solid novel. He shows a deep sympathy for the fanatical old abolitionist and, though "this work is a *novel*, not a biography or a history", he has plainly engaged in a great deal of research on Brown's life. To most of us, for whom Brown is a gaunt old man who turned up one day at Harper's Ferry with a bundle of iron-headed pikes, the portions of the book dealing with his adventures in Kansas and the struggles between the Free Staters and the slave-holders should come as an enlargement of knowledge as well as interesting reading. The guerilla warfare in which Brown engaged in Kansas was of a particularly bloody nature, and Brown's part in it, as presented by Mr. Ehrlich, can quite justly be described as murder. For Brown, of course, it was not murder but God's work and so long as the Negroes were slaves blood had to be spilled. His notion of his task as divinely inspired is one that would give most modern novelists a welcome opportunity for a great deal of satire—the familiar pointing out that hymn-singers are not above cutting throats ostensibly to God's glory but really to their pocketbooks' betterment—and it speaks well for Mr. Ehrlich's discernment that he attempts nothing of that sort. So long as a man is not completely a maniac, he possesses some of those human virtues which maniacs regard as weaknesses: love, pity, and understanding. Mr. Ehrlich does not deprive John Brown of these and, for all the man's worship of a God of wrath, there are many scenes in which we find him stirred by more usual emotions. As a novelist Mr. Ehrlich utilizes his privileges to explore Brown's childhood; he deals at some length with Brown's numerous progeny and relations; he describes the conditions of pioneer life; and various historical figures enter in during Brown's sojourn in the East and his trial.

Plato said that madness was necessary if one was to be a poet; and it is precisely a lack of poetic madness which prevents this book from being a good novel. To be sure, the central figure is far from sane and the author makes the most of the romantic aspects of his hero's fury and the extravagance of the situations in which he is involved. The amount of research which has gone into writing the book bespeaks Mr. Ehrlich's complete absorption in his task; yet somehow the divine fury which might convince us that we are listening to other than a careful and conscientious report is missing. Still "this work is a *novel*" and if it fails as such, it cannot be offered as history, for that too is an imaginative art and requires the Platonic madness. Nevertheless, it is probably Mr. Ehrlich's historical accuracy that makes his book as good as it is; the reality we grant his characters and their behaviour is an outcome of our knowledge of the extent to which he has observed the known facts of Brown's life. In a few individual sections Mr. Ehrlich is able to present us with the illusion of reality we ask of the novelist, but these remain the brilliant parts of a mosaic which never completely

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fuse into a compelling picture. That the book is a failure does not make it inferior to the great run of novels; it is a sincere and thoughtful work—and that is a rare thing. The general tone of the writing can be indicated in this quotation:

> He could be tender with a sick lamb, and he could take men from their beds at night and kill them. "Right is everything, God is a god of wrath," he said, and took five men from their beds and killed them. . . . There was a clear spring moon up and soft spring air and a host of warm stars, and that, the twenty-fourth of May, 1856, was the night he did it, using sabres to make silent work. Later, someone said to him, "You should have let the two Doyle boys go. They were slavers, but they were so young, only boys".—He answered: "Nits grow to be lice".

It may also indicate the reason for the book's chief defect.

GEOFFREY STONE

STORIES OF GOD *by Rainer Maria Rilke* (NORTON. $2.00)

THE TALE OF THE LOVE AND DEATH OF CORNET CHRISTOPHER RILKE *by Rainer Maria Rilke* (NORTON. $1.50)

Stories of God presumably is an earlier work of Rilke's; it must antedate the volume published here two years ago as *The Journal of My Other Self*. From the nature of the stories contained in it, it seems quite safe to say that it was composed during Rilke's secretaryship to Rodin: these little tales have the vague "mystical" outlines of work created during, and in agreement with, the Rodin-Maeterlinck period. The jacket of the book shows a picture of Rodin's *Hand of God*, and one may see an analogy between that piece of sculpture and the stories it advertizes—they are fragmentary and they have a soft finish. Both these features are ones whereby the stories gain their chief effect of portentousness; the reader is confused by the smooth surface, though the composition (that is, the plot or action) is simple enough, and what is left unfinished he may think a defect due to his own vision rather than the artist's neglect. Of course, Rilke did not leave his stories suspended in mid-air because there was nothing else he could do; they are fragments by design and their meaning is the meaning of work conceived of as fragmentary—a meaning which it is perhaps impossible to discover. But the spirit of the stories, as distinct from their meaning, can be deduced from the materials employed: the wisdom of children, a God who is a kindly but somewhat troubled old gentleman in the skies, the cripple who sits by his window, the man who supports organized charities but is none too kind to beggars on the edge of the town. These have their special emotional effluvia; they convey simple-heartedness as it is usually affected, love of the poor, a modicum of twilit sadness, and the feeling that, after all, God in His Heaven is not so very different from you and me. Irony is not intended in saying this; such moods are fairly common human ones and when touched with unassuming humour, such as Rilke can command, have some loveliness before they thin away to boredom or thicken into sentimentality. Whether the evocation of them makes Rilke a modern mystic is another matter, and one may doubt if nostalgia is the same as an overwhelming desire for union with God. But such considerations are irrelevant if one is willing to take *Stories of God* for what they are—deliberately naïve little pieces which assume an intimacy with the Deity.

The Tale of the Love and Death of Cornet Christopher Rilke is a very brief prose-poem concerning the two major events in the life

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of an ancestor of the author's at some period when the West was warring with the Turks. The book's handsome format makes a nice casket for a piece whose delicate spirit has not survived translation from the German. The translation is by M. D. Herder Norton, who, with Nora Purtscher-Wydenbruck, translated *Stories of God*.

GEOFFREY STONE

THE PASTURES OF HEAVEN *by John Steinbeck* (BALLOU. $2.50)

MR. Steinbeck postulates "a long valley floored with green pasturage" where "perfect live oaks grew in the meadow of the lovely place, and the hills hugged it jealously against the fog and wind" as contrast for the gray fortunes of his decentralized characters. Those watchful for new talent may have noticed that in England another young man, Mr. Hilton, has just written a novel, *Ill Wind*, which also blows various characters varied disappointments or misfortunes, although Nature is not apotheosized. What is particularly interesting is that both books share not only the same mood—disillusionment, with faint overtones of a faith not quite talked away—but the same form, short stories loosely linked together. The craftsmanship of the Englishman is more finished, but Mr. Steinbeck seems to give more promise—perhaps because of his very immaturity.

A Spanish Corporal, rounding up a group of twenty converted Indians who had abandoned religion while the Carmelo Mission of Alto California was being built, discovered *Las Pastures del Cielo* in 1776. After the World War Bert Munroe brings his family to the valley to rehabilitate his finances. He acquires a farm which has passed through the hands of an owner eventually committed to an asylum and of the Mustrovics, who appeared one day, worked the farm industriously, and, two years later, disappeared. Bert's confidence in himself is renewed: he comes to feel that he has rid himself and the farm of their respective curses. Shark Wicks, who fanatically guards his beautiful-but-dumb daughter from the supposed snares of Bert's young son, carefully spreads the rumour that he is wealthy; when he is found out he deserts the valley for new soil with his punctured ego reinflated by his loyal wife. Nearby, Tularecito, a foundling who resembles a giant-gnome, is over-stimulated by the country school-teacher, who fosters the sub-normal boy's talent for drawing and who sees no harm in suggesting a belief in fairy-tale people; digging a pit on the Munroe farm in quest of his brother-gnomes Tularecito almost murders Bert because he interferes. The teacher leaves the valley because a happy memory of her father is threatened when she hears of a drunken farmhand in the neighbourhood who resembles the parent whose faults she tries to hide from herself. A mother aggravates the psychopathic tendencies in her own child, cultivates day-dreams of her dead husband, and eventually shoots her daughter. Junius, a man of culture, comes to the valley because of his lungs; he stays to marry and live a lazy contemplative life, despised by his neighbours; he leaves, after his wife's death, when a gift of clothes from the School Board brings home the fact that his boy is growing up as a little animal. A son of a New Englander, like his father before him, pictures his house passing from generation to generation, but finds himself with a son who cares neither for Thucydides, his father's house, or the Pastures of Heaven, but for modern commerce in town. And so on.

As we read we are almost persuaded to believe in this community by the author's talent

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for character sketching, while his gentle irony forces forgetfulness of the fact that he is picturing pathetic, sometimes tragic, lives. His style itself—suggesting now Erskine Caldwell, now James Stephens, and again Anatole France—makes good reading, although its simplicity is often ostentatious. We can put two constructions on his book: that civilization shows a pathetic gray against the delightful green of Nature, or that even the Garden of the Hesperides brings disillusion. To point a quite different irony, Mr. Steinbeck incorporates on the last page of his narrative a warning he himself needs: an old man looking down into the Pastures of Heaven "beat his hands helplessly against his hips. 'I've never had time to think anything out. If I could go down there and live down there for a little—why, I'd think over all the things that ever happened to me, and maybe I could make something out of them, something all in one piece, that had a meaning, instead of all these trailing ends, these raw and dragging tails' ".

CYRILLY ABELS

THE PASCARELLA FAMILY *by Franz Werfel* (SIMON & SCHUSTER. $2.50)

OGRES and omens, happy endings and fairy princes are the legacy of the fairy-tale. So, too, are magic coincidence and an atmosphere of breathlessness and beauty. Werfel's latest novel has been hailed in Germany as an earthly fairy-tale. Ogres are in it, and omens, a happy ending and a fairy prince; but magic indeed is needed—and perhaps a more than mediocre translation might have been the means—to transform this lumbering story into even an earthly fairy-tale.

The ogre is Don Domenico, father of the Neapolitan Pascarella family of six sons and daughters. In an endeavour to maintain his rights under the paternal law still recognized in Naples, Domenico forces upon his subdued children his own dogma, and demands that they remain inviolably one group, pure in heart, isolated from the rest of Naples literally as well as in their peculiar family customs. They are not to be individuals, but mere projections of his own will. Thus the father commits an astounding number of errors—to which his own children invariably submit—and, in his blindness and their spinelessness, brings about calamity after calamity.

Don Domenico is not only a wicked man, but an incredibly wicked man. In a fairy-tale we accept all sorts of outrages. We should accept them here. We should further accept—for in a fairy-tale we demand it—the inevitable struggle between arbitrary evil and arbitrary good; and we should accept multiple coincidence, as though some supernatural spirit hovered over the Pascarella children and provided wonderful chance encounters at precisely the proper time. Why then does the story as a fairy-tale remain unconvincing?

Werfel has not adequately explained the father; and since most of the action is contingent upon his dominance—since, were Don Domenico more understandingly dogged we might more willingly concede his children's submission—this incompleteness has the effect of forcing out of joint our predisposition towards belief. The true fairy-tale invokes a willing suspension of disbelief, and such poetic faith is here denied us. It is not enough that the author has indicated Domenico's nature (and that he does thoroughly); we want some explanation of its origin, and the paternal tradition does not suffice.

Though Werfel has neglected to supply satisfactory motivation for the essential quality in his protagonist, in lesser matters he is obviously the psychologist and such an approach is likewise not conducive to a fairy-

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tale atmosphere. His very terminology smacks of a text-book on psychoanalysis. For example: "The real truth was this: Don Domenico had a secret weakness for goblin natures like Battefiori and Gnolli. He, the stern father, who wanted to inculcate virture in its purest form in his children, at the same time let the evil and the dirty into his life by some back door. . . . A perverted attraction, which expressed itself in the contemptuous treatment of its object". Throughout the book he shows the far-reaching effects of trivial incidents. The characters themselves are a study in psychopathology: Annunziate, the eldest daughter, whose warped youth finds an outlet in devotion to Christ and finally in sacrifice for her father; Lauro, whose suicide remains unexplained; and so on.

Werfel's sense of the magic of accident—legitimate in the fairy-tale—on the one hand makes possible some of the best passages in the book, when he actually achieves an almost mystic effect; on the other hand it is carried to such an extent that it becomes ridiculous and improbable. And in a work so obviously serious in intent—Pascarella apparently symbolizes the past which must be replaced by a new era—the ridiculous and improbable have no place. In all justice it should be added that the tone is elevated by this high seriousness; but seriousness is one of those virtues which, unmixed with occasional wit or flippancy, can become exceedingly dull.

VIVIAN O. WEINER

WANTON MALLY *by Booth Tarkington* (Doubleday, Doran. $2.00)

Booth Tarkington was inspired to write this pretty little seventeenth-century romance by two portraits, one by Largillière of a dashing young chevalier with a knowing smile and regard, the other by an unknown painter of a lady whose expression was so peculiar that it set Mr. Tarkington's wits to working out a fantastic story in explanation.

He makes a madcap, a roysterer, a roaring prankster and debauchee of Jenny Wilmot—and in the London of Charles II there was ample opportunity for such talent. With the gallant Chevalier de Champvallon and a less polished English cavalier Mistress Jenny robs the Bishop of London at the point of a sword. The jest becomes serious when the Bishop is killed in the uproar by a bullet from one of his own servants and the fugitives ride away to hide out on the great moor, Wanton Mally. Here the story properly commences and when it has run its course the reasons behind Jenny's mad years are revealed.

Written in the manner of *Monsieur Beaucaire*, *Wanton Mally* should prove popular with the same public which enjoyed that work. Although words are exchanged more frequently than swords are crossed, the style is very pictorial. You see the exquisite attire of the witty Frenchman; his elegant and expressive gesture, the forethrust arm, knee, and chin of the swordsman's lunge; cloaks, plumes, and horses' tails streaming in the wind of a cloudy night; and all the rest of the flamboyant posturing and pantomime dear to Grand Romance. Mr. Tarkington has done very pretty justice to the Largillière portrait.

JOHN BRONSON

RIVERHEAD *by Robert Hillyer* (Knopf. $2.50)

Paul Sharon is paddling his canoe up a small Connecticut river, on his way to visit his godfather, Mr. Fiat. He has a good mind and keen perceptions: but an ineffectual and hopelessly possessive father has ruined a will

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that was never very strong. Now the father is dead, and Paul is celebrating his freedom in a typical manner—with a journey that is at once healthy and sluggish.

But his spiritual predicament confronts him at every stop on the way. The girl who had once promised to marry him and then thrown him over—she will give him her pity but he is not strong enough to win her consent. Then he meets the woman who had ruined his father: before he leaves her house he has pledged her in wine. At a hideous town he walks away from a scene of vileness that he might have prevented. He sits helpless among the orgies of a revivalist meeting. At last he comes to Riverhead, his godfather's estate, where the old man has lived in peace and beauty for fifty years: Mr. Fiat, like a New England magician, restores Paul Sharon's will to him.

And Sharon goes downstream again. The world that had seemed harsh and intractable is now his to conquer: one by one he overcomes the people and the situations which had defeated him on his journey up. And so at last to the girl who was the very center of his confusion, the girl who needed to be "swept off her feet" by a stronger will than hers. He carries her away on her marriage evening, and that night they find their love.

This is the story of *Riverhead*, realistic in treatment, simple and fluent in design. Its strange world is never incredible: its evident weakness, rather, is that it is sometimes incredulous—it cannot always believe in itself. At such moments the mask of realism comes off, and the allegory thus revealed wears an anxious face: it would like to be strictly symbolical, but are there any symbols for a predicament like Paul Sharon's, or if there are could they be anything but eccentric and whimsical? Allegory is a mediaeval creature: it can deal with a young man's sins but not with his psychoses: and the part it plays in *Riverhead* is fugitive and intangible. But because of it we cannot take the book as it might wish to be taken—that is, as a piece of realistic fiction.

Riverhead is a fantasy: midway between the realities of fact and the realities of fiction. And fantasy, whatever its outward appearance may be, is at heart over-civilized and confused and impure. It is a substitute for all those innocent and legendary beauties which today we have too much information or too little faith to enjoy. Its results are often worthless, but its purposes are far from ignoble. For if the knights and the monsters and the fortunate isles are vanished from our world, the faith which could see a spiritual reality in them still exists. It is a despairing faith today, a faith of refugees from an ugly world; the triumphs it celebrates the defeats it mourns have only a distant reference to us; but it is not unbeautiful. Fantasy is its home, and books like *Riverhead* are its justification.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

General

THE HAUNTED MIRROR *by Elizabeth Madox Roberts* (Viking)*

Tales of simple people of the Kentucky mountains faced with love, death, and separation. Executed with genius. Reviewed on page 868.

STORIES OF GOD *by Rainer Maria Rilke* (Norton)

Deliberately naïve bits of mysticism written when their young Austrian author was secretary to Rodin. Reviewed on page 876.

THE PASCARELLA FAMILY *by Franz Werfel* (Simon & Schuster)*

A wicked Neapolitan father in a fairy tale that suffers from incredibility. Reviewed on page 878.

THE PASTURES OF HEAVEN *by John Steinbeck* (Ballou)*

Loosely connected stories by a promising young novelist who contrasts the green pastures of Nature with the grey fortunes of humanity. Reviewed on page 877.

HUMAN BEING *by Christopher Morley* (Doubleday, Doran)*

A summary of our time in a novel about a man whose interest lies in his averageness and sheer lack of distinction. Reviewed on page 871.

THE LAST OF CHÉRI *by Colette* (Putnam)

Chéri comes back to Léa in a novel which completes Mme Colette's story of a gigolo. Reviewed on page 874.

THE SHADOW FLIES *by Rose Macaulay* (Harpers)*

The literati of the last days of Charles I in a novel which takes Robert Herrick as its principal character. Reviewed on page 872.

GREENBANKS *by Dorothy Whipple* (Farrar & Rinehart)

A gentle matriarch in an English novel that deserves all the praise it has had abroad. Reviewed on page 869.

THE HOUSE UNDER THE WATER *by Francis Brett Young* (Harpers)*

A novel in the grand romantic manner, built for solid enjoyment and set on an estate in Wales. Reviewed on page 869.

FLOWERING WILDERNESS *by John Galsworthy* (Scribner's)*

Wilfred Desert and Dinny Charwell are brought together and torn apart in the course of the former's recantation of Christianity. By the new winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature. Reviewed on page 870.

GIANTS SHOULD BE GELDED *by Bogart Carlaw* (Putnam)*

Powerful and imaginative exploration of the feelings and thoughts of a boy whose growth is abnormal but who otherwise is not. Reviewed on page 873.

WANTON MALLY *by Booth Tarkington* (Doubleday, Doran)

Two portraits inspire Mr. Tarkington to a pretty little romance of the seventeenth century. Reviewed on page 879.

GOD'S ANGRY MAN *by Leonard Ehrlich* (Simon & Schuster)*

A detailed and solid novel about John Brown of Harper's Ferry. Reviewed on page 875.

POUR WINE FOR US *by Dean Van Clute* (Stokes)

An autobiographical novel by a latter-day Job whose afflictions have included arthritis, blindness, and a period of years in a New York charity hospital.

FAREWELL MISS JULIE LOGAN *by J. M. Barrie* (Scribner's. $1.00)

Barrie's first story in many years, one of his matchless romances, of a long-legged young minister, not slow in the up-take but "cautious", in a snow-bound Scotch valley. Beautifully printed and bound, most emphatically not to be missed by any Barrie-lover or Jacobite.

DINNER WITH JAMES *by Rose Henniker Heaton* (Dutton)

Amusing after-dinner entertainment in an assemblage of light-hearted banter, tempting Sunday-night suppers, and an unexpected romance.

BEFORE THE CURTAIN FALLS *Anonymous* (Bobbs-Merrill)*

A fictional autobiography of a well-born Southerner who stands on principles rather than on Mammon and who views the Russian experiment

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with sympathy. His story, appliquéd in a restrained Dos Passos manner, involves the years between 1914 and 1932.

RIDER OF THE NIGHT *by Hanns Heinz Ewers* (Day)*
Post-War Germany through the eyes of an intense patriot who believes that the disunited Germans were to blame for the chaos of Germany, 1921-1930. The hero's consecration to his vision demands our admiration even when we lose patience with his unconvincing and mysterious mistress who eventually commits suicide, and with his equally unconvincing sister who wishes to take that mistress's place.

THE EMPRESS *by Carola Oman* (Holt)*
The fortunes of a King of England's daughter who at the age of eight, in 1109, married the Emperor Henry and then, some fifteen years later, married the sixteen-year-old Count Jeffray of Anjou. The Empress's only ambition, to rule England, is spiked by her cousin the Count of Mortain, the one man she loves; but before her death her oldest son, Henry, establishes himself as sovereign.

THE STORY OF SILAS WOODWARD *by Elisabeth Thomas* (Brewer, Warren & Putnam)*
After school in the East and a brief job in Boston Silas returns to his mother's farm in Rhode Island to "find himself". He dies in the woods that he (and the author) loves, among the animals for whom he feels kinship, knowing that what he wanted would have none of him.

MAIN ENTRANCE *by Konrad Bercovici* (Covici, Friede)
In post-War New York a sudden access of wealth to a small Jewish merchant brings about a disintegration of morals and family-relationships. A good theme but no inevitability of plot or characterization.

LAUGHTER IN HELL *by Jim Tully* (Boni)*
An engineer who kills his wife and her paramour escapes from a Southern chain gang to find brief happiness with another woman, only to die at the hands of his old enemy, the Chief Guard. The sentimental prejudice and the call-a-spade-a-spade detail deprives the engineer of our sympathy.

THE LOST TRUMPET *by J. Leslie Mitchell* (Bobbs-Merrill)
Allegory keeps pace with adventure in this story of an ex-Russian Colonel in Cairo who serves as guide to two archæologists in search of Joshua's trumpet. The desert yields the trumpet and the blast blows down the walls that have kept reality from their hearts.

THE TALL LADDER *by Katharine Newlin Burt* (Houghton, Mifflin)
The wild-west yarn in feminine dress: Julia buys a ranch to raise horses and revive her self-respect, lost because she had failed her husband. Then she bids good-bye to the ranch and the foreman she loves in order to re-marry the man she had divorced.

SUCCESS AND PLENTY *by J. L. Campbell* (Dutton)*
The author of *The Miracle of Peille* tells the story of a morbid young man with an undeveloped personality.

ONE DAY IN OCTOBER *by Sigurd Hoel* (Coward-McCann)
A well-known Norwegian journalist writes of the hatred and fear aroused by a young and pretty divorcée in an apartment house in Oslo.

MY SISTER MY BRIDE *by Cyril Hume* (Doubleday, Doran)
How an aging satyr (forty-six, a painter, and a rake) falls in love and finally destroys a young Artemis (seventeen and born out of wedlock). The satyr's son, a Greek God in bodily beauty but with no mind or temperament, is the third major and incredible character. Interesting at its best chiefly because of the author's humour and vividness.

Detective and Mystery

ABOUT THE MURDER OF THE CIRCUS QUEEN *by Anthony Abbot* (Covici-Friede)
When Josie La Tour, famous trapeze artist, falls from her lofty perch in the Madison Square Garden, Thatcher Colt, able Commissioner of Police and expert criminologist, determines that it is not a mis-step but "the work of a transcendently dangerous criminal". Suspects range from the duck-billed Ubangi savages featured in the posters of Colonel Robinson's "Greatest Show on Earth" to the person of a Fifth Avenue millionaire. All in all the snappiest Thatcher Colt investigation to date.

THE HOUSE OF STRANGE GUESTS *by Nicholas Brady* (Holt)
Murder in an English country house, the headquarters of a blackmailing gang. Expert detective work by the erratic Reverend Ebenezer Buckle, who, tired of saving souls, tries his hand at tracking down murderers. What did he deduce from the fact that the bathroom door was fitted with a spring latch? And why did the master of "The Gables" only talk to his guest-victims in two rooms of the big house?

SOCIETY EDITOR *by Henry Charlton Beck* (Dutton)
Margery Brooke, Ridgevale débutante, decides on writing as a career and as she lands a job as Society Editor on the local rag startling things happen. Her predecessor commits suicide; she gets on the trail of a baby dumped in a well; and for

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good measure her new boss, Carolyn Margerum, gets mixed up with the scion of a wealthy family. Plenty of love interest, corpses, and scandal in this latest story by the journalist-author of *Murder in the News Room.*

THE DOLL'S TRUNK MURDER *by Helen Reilly* (Farrar & Rinehart)

In a lonely farm house in Pennsylvania, haven to several strangers caught in a blinding snowstorm, murder takes two lives and death threatens to engulf them all. Terrified, the survivors pass the long winter night awaiting further horrors and the dawn brings no relief. The sheriff is not able to dispel their tragic fears until a third victim is claimed. Recommended.

THE MASK OF FU MANCHU *by Sax Rohmer* (Doubleday, Doran)

Rejuvenated by his *elixir vitae,* drawn from a rare Burma orchid, the insidious Dr. Fu Manchu plays a winning game with Sir Lionel Barton, renowned Orientalist. Between these two we are treated to a battle of wits, in which the wily Dr. Fu uses his beautiful and evil daughter Fah Lo Suee, the drug of forgetfulness, the whistling bone and the cord of spider web, to circumvent the designs of his antagonists.

NO WITNESS! *by Cortland Fitzsimmons* (Stokes)

A neat bunch of problems for the amateur detective. Why were two bodies found in the ruins of the old Potter Place in Great Cove Gardens, Long Island, and what happened to the bootlegger who lived next door? Why did Mrs. Wilson leave home suddenly? Author Fitzsimmons wrote a swell mystery last year and scores another bull's eye this time with his star detective, Tom Gavin.

THE PRINCE OF PRISONERS *by Ladbroke Black* (Dial)

Based on the life of Thomas Wainewright, the most famous poisoner in English history, this biological sketch tells how the companion of Charles Lamb and William Black delighted for a while in an easy living by forgery and murder. Not a modern thriller but a detective story founded upon true facts.

THE MYSTERY OF THE GOLD BOX *by Valentine Williams* (Houghton, Mifflin)

Clubfoot, the German spy, plays hide-and-seek throughout Europe with an English Secret Service operative over a gold snuff box containing papers of first importance to the British. Mr. Williams reassures us that he intends to continue these fascinating tales of espionage in which the wily Clubfoot plays havoc with the enemy.

MR. REEDER RETURNS *by Edgar Wallace* (Doubleday, Doran)

This elderly gentleman who appeared in *The Murder Book of J. G. Reeder* is the greatest English authority on forgery and bank crimes. A typical Wallace character, he wanders through the streets of London wearing an old-fashioned square-topped hat, carrying a furled umbrella that acts only as a walking stick, and looking the part of an inoffensive citizen. Actually he is a greater menace to criminals than Scotland Yard. In these four new adventures, he trips up a master thief because of a promise made years before; finds a missing body in a cemetery, which, after all, is the most logical place; clinches a romance between an ex-thief and a much misled gal; and causes an international bank crook to blow out his brains.

VALCOUR MEETS MURDER *by Rufus King* (Doubleday, Doran)

The Manhattan police lieutenant who has gathered momentum in his official stride through *Murder By The Clock, Murder By Latitude,* and several other mysteries, outmanœuvers a gang of jewel thieves on the Canadian border. Surprises in the shape of lovely Linda, frightened, mysterious Jean, and a chauffeur whose job was not what it seemed.

DEAD MAN'S HAT *by Hulbert Footner* (Harpers)

A wild tale of racketeering in which a criminal gang tries to annex a New York bank. Through the efforts of a young clerk in protecting a defenceless gal, the master mind is seized in his luxurious Park Avenue apartment and the evil forces are thwarted.

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AT A GLANCE

Biography

LANCES DOWN *by Richard Boleslavski in collaboration with Helen Woodward* (BOBBS-MERRILL. $3.00)

THE famous Polish Lancers have broken ranks in the dark forest near the Russian border, and Boleslavski takes up his story with his return to Moscow and the stiff discipline of the Moscow Art Theatre. Conservative in the field, he is radical in art and joins a rebel offshoot of the old theatre, but the modest quarters of the new Studio serve merely as a base for his somnambulant strolls about the streets of Moscow during the Bolshevik Revolution. Machine guns spit from cellar windows. White-haired gentry are sent to the "wall". Earnest young cadets fight grim men from the front while the Central Committee meets in the Governor's House across the street from the Studio. Uncomprehending but sensitized, Boleslavski records everything he saw and heard. He moved in a bad dream; his impressions are so intense as to be tiresome; yet the book will entertain anyone who likes to watch a cataclysm from a safe distance.

THE BLACK PRINCE *by Henry Dwight Sedgwick* (BOBBS-MERRILL. $4.00)

THE son of Edward III in his whole life won nothing but praise. "This noble prince", says a contemporary, "cherished no thought but loyalty, nobleness, valour and goodness." Victor at sixteen on the field of Crécy, victor against formidable odds at Poitiers, his fame as a fighter spread over the civilized world; and in generosity and courtesy, too, he was the mirror of chivalry. Mr. Sedgwick quotes liberally from contemporary poems and chronicles, usually giving both the original and a translation, and his own narrative has so much grace that anyone who cares for heroes should put this book either in a place of honour on the biography shelf or among the knights, near to Froissart and Malory.

THE THREE PELICANS *by Arthur Styron* (SMITH & HAAS. $4.00)

A VERY interesting biography of Archbishop Cranmer, whose most strenuous work went to the creation of the Church of England, and whose blood gave it lasting life. Cranmer was an obscure Examiner in Divinity at Cambridge when a casual remark about the authority of the Canon Law came to the ears of Henry VIII and started him on his career. Mr. Styron shows him busily extricating the violent and self-willed Henry from one after another thorny situation in which the King involved himself, patiently seeking precedents, authorities, and *a priori* arguments, and finding a path nearer and nearer to his own secret desires; in the next reign consolidating his position; finally going to the stake under Mary. Certain crucial events in his life are dramatized, but the book is especially to be commended for the space given to ideas, provocative even when doubtful, and for its analysis of the forces which brought about the Establishment: the influence of Erasmus and the dissemination of the translated Bible, the ideas of nationalism and individualism; the love of disputation and logic; and most of all the Tudor appetite for power.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM E. BARTON (BOBBS-MERRILL. $3.00)

MR. BARTON as a writer had the gift of fervour. His father was a circuit rider educated in the orthodox halls of Oberlin University, of which he bore away a childish memory. He saw little of prosperity and much of life in the then rude West of the Illinois valley, where he picked up his admiration for Lincoln. He worked as a hired man, fell in and out of love at eighteen,

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and went to Berea College without a cent in his pockets to spend five years before he was graduated. Then he entered the ministry, with its financial hardships balanced by the richness that life offered to one who knew how to extract it from the narrow vicinage in which he laboured. There is much in this autobiography to interest; it shows how mental life can develop in America, even on an Illinois prairie. Bruce Barton supplies a preface, and the author a shorter one.

OLIVER'S SECRETARY *by Dora Neill Raymond* (MINTON, BALCH. $3.50)

THIS is a study of the political career of John Milton. Mrs. Raymond has handled her subject carefully and has treated shrewdly those opinions of Milton which stamp him even now as a militant radical. Indeed some of Milton's best prose is written in the rôle of social heretic. Considering the fact that few readable books on any aspect of Milton have appeared in the last few years this book deserves a warm welcome.

BLESSED SPINOZA *by Lewis Browne* (MACMILLAN. $4.00)

THE tri-centenary of Spinoza's birth is being observed this year in a score of countries and the occasion has brought forth a host of books and monographs on the life and philosophy of that great thinker. Unfortunately it appears wholly impossible for any of the current biographers to avoid a note of excessive lyricism, and the present author proves no exception to that rule. Despite all this Mr. Browne's book is easily the best of the present batch. He writes well and shows an extraordinary knowledge of his man.

FLIGHT OF THE SWAN *by André Olivéroff, as told to John Gill* (DUTTON. $4.00)

THESE memories of Pavlova will do much to build up a Pavlova legend. They are a succession of illuminating glimpses—such as the dancer standing "on the point" in a box of resin, crossing herself, before going out on the stage. Little is known of her early training in Russia. Her life after the famous break with Diaghilev and his ballet in Paris in 1909, when Pavlova went to London to form her own ballet, was a succession of tours until her death at The Hague on January 24, 1931. Her contribution to the classic ballet, for which there is little taste today, was a brilliant technical perfection and a quickening fire kindled by her ascetic devotion to her art. Perhaps we shall never know much of the dancer's early life, but at least M. Olivéroff might have given us some new light on the subject. It would be interesting, too, to know more of the Imperial Ballet Schools in Russia and their influence on Pavlova's ability to teach, her discipline of her troupe, and her philosophic, yet volatile, mind. One wonders also what her attitude might have been to Mary Wigman and Martha Graham, and the new schools of dancing in Germany. But although M. Olivéroff has assembled only a series of pleasing pictures, he suggests clearly the perfect instrumentality into which Pavlova schooled her body, and its pure and classic beauty in motion and repose.

GENERAL WILLIAM EATON *by Francis Rennell Rodd* (MINTON, BALCH. $3.50)

GENERAL WILLIAM EATON was an adventurer whose star both rose and set with amazing rapidity. He is noted briefly in our history books as being the first to raise the American flag on foreign soil. The story of his long march across the sands of Libya from Alexandria to Derna is at the same time frequently left in obscurity. In the present book Mr. Rodd, an Englishman, deals lengthily with this amazing trek, with Eaton's vision of conquest, and with his motley and mutinous followers. It is a glowing recital.

Criticism

THE WORKS OF THOMAS OTWAY *edited by J. C. Ghosh* (OXFORD. $12.50)

THESE two volumes contain "a corrected text of the whole of Otway's plays, poems, and letters" and should prove definitive. They are furnished with a good introduction by the editor and with extensive notes, commentary, and bibliography.

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LETTERS OF MRS. GASKELL AND CHARLES ELIOT NORTON *edited by Jane Whitehill* (OXFORD. $3.50)

THE author of *Cranford* and of what might be called the first proletarian novel, *Mary Barton*, had a genius for correspondence. It is fortunate for us that she had the stimulating friendship of Charles Eliot Norton, whom she met in Italy when he was thirty and she forty-seven, and that he treasured the delightful letters she wrote him. Fewer of Norton's letters have been included, but except for the discussions of the Civil War, especially the account of intelligent Northern opinion of the time, and for his theories of art, they are less interesting. Norton was a serious-minded young man, and the early letters are stiff, almost pompous; he mellowed under the influence of Mrs. Gaskell's camaraderie, and marriage, too, seems to have humanized him. For her part, his deference like an affectionate son's, and his strange American background delighted her as she sat among her four daughters. His letters sent her into a fury of writing; as often as she could she answered "on the rebound" as she said. She was excited by everything she saw or heard of, from the "*very* interesting" report of the Sanitary Commission to the unknown author of *Scenes from Clerical Life*, but most of all by people. In some moods she is the mother of Mrs. Delafield's Provincial Lady. Though the letters have no great literary importance, they are revealing and alive.

MYTHOLOGY AND THE RENAISSANCE TRADITION IN ENGLISH POETRY *by Douglas Bush* (UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PRESS. $4.00)

PROFESSOR Bush traces the varying strains of derivative classical tradition and mediaeval elements of several sorts all through sixteenth and seventeenth century poetry, with special emphasis on such poems as *Hero and Leander*, *Venus and Adonis*, and *The Rape of Lucrece*, but with plentiful discussion of short poems and even of allusions. He has done a scholarly job, and the work is invaluable for students of the period. It has also the special charm of a lively style and of Mr. Bush's genuine love of poetry and instinct for greatness in it. BOOKMAN readers will remember his article on *Pale Eyed Priests* in last month's number; if they read his book they will discover he has taken a step across the chasm he speaks of between the scholar and the amateur. Any student of poetry who is not daunted by critical apparatus may read the book with profit.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PROSE *edited by L. I. Bredvold, R. K. Root and George Sherburn* (NELSON. $8.00)

THIS anthology, designed for student reference, contains several score selections from the works of twenty-six eighteenth-century writers. The pieces have been judiciously chosen and they offer for all practical purposes a sufficient range (the text itself running to 941 large two-column pages). The editors have given the volume an added value by furnishing each selection with an explanatory preface and providing for each author a biographical sketch.

Essays

STARDUST AND HOLLY *selected by Dorothy Middlebrook Shipman* (MACMILLAN. $1.75)

A COLLECTION of Christmas essays and poems which would be a great success with a family of children. Most of the old favourites are here, and many modern poems. There are no pictures, and no music, but the tunes are well known and easily accessible. The title is seductive, the printing is pleasant, and the Christmas red and silver jacket make the little book a decoration all by itself.

IF YOU LIKE HORSES *by Jacqueline Russell* (HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN. $1.50)

SOME people are blessed with a capacity for developing warm personal attachments for dogs, horses, and even sailboats, and Mrs. Russell with her fondness for horses is a genuine example. Her book is not a whimsy; it is highly entertaining reading, mostly in the form

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